The Beaver

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

" . . . Trading into Hudson's Bay"

OUTFIT 265
NUMBER 1

Indian Trading Episode of 40 Years Ago
—Arthur Heming

7000 Square Miles of Beaver Sanctuary
—J. W. Anderson

Archives of Hudson's Bay Company
—R. H. G. Leveson Gower

Meat
—A. R. Evans

Alexander Hunter Murray
—Martha M. Black, F.R.G.S.

Sir George Simpson at Lachine
—Clifford R. Wilson

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY
Hudson's Bay Company.
INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670.

Business Is Romance

IT surely is not unpatriotic to say that one of the most cheerful items in the story of business revival has to do with a foreign corporation. For the year 1933 the Hudson's Bay Company reports a modest profit of $150,000 after registering an average annual loss of about $1,500,000 in the preceding three years.

What business is the Hudson's Bay Company engaged in? It is today the world's largest purveyor of romance. On the side it trades in furs and sells land for settlement, and these are the things on which deficits were incurred in 1930-32 and a small profit was made last year. But to ninety-nine persons out of a hundred this is not what the name Hudson's Bay Company stands for. It stands for the last of the great open spaces on this continent, and for the Canadian mounted police who get their men, and for Stefansson's "friendly North," and for herds of reindeer in a ten years' trek from Alaska to Baffin Land, and for that trading post and Eskimo life which the movies have lately discovered.

Many of these popular notions may be geographically and legally askew, but in the higher realm of the emotions they belong with the Hudson's Bay Company. If that organization charged the novelists and scenario writers only a modest royalty, it would have wiped out its recent annual deficits.

— New York Times, March 29, 1934.

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The Residence at Fort St. James Post on Stuart Lake, B.C.

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WINNIPEG, CANADA

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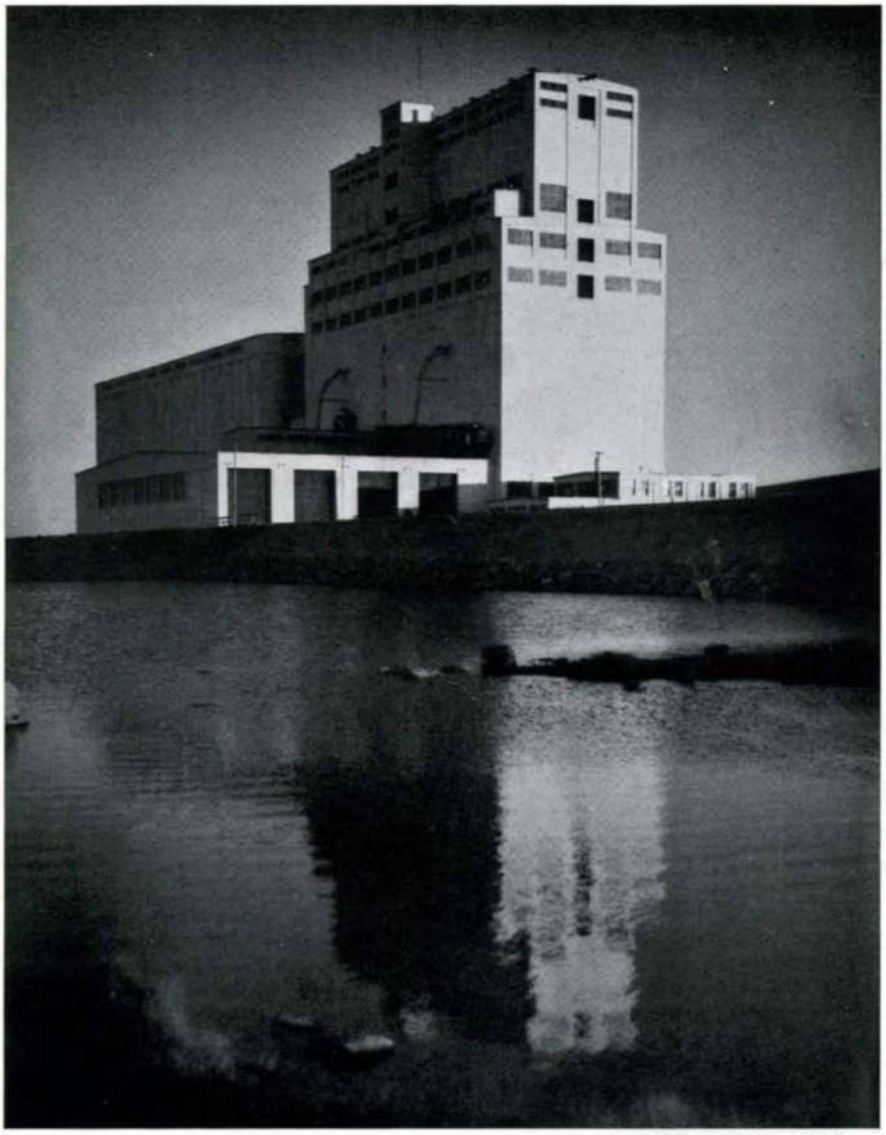
THE BEAVER is published quarterly by the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay, commonly known as the Hudson's Bay Company. It is circulated to employees and is also sent to friends of the Company upon request. It is edited at Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg, under the direction of Douglas MacKay, at the office of the Canadian Committee. Yearly subscription, one dollar; single copies, twenty-five cents. THE BEAVER is entered at the second class postal rate. Its editorial interests include the whole field of travel, exploration and trade in the Canadian North as well as the current activities and historical background of the Hudson's Bay Company in all its departments throughout Canada. THE BEAVER assumes no liability for unsolicited manuscripts or photographs. Contributions are however solicited, and the utmost care will be taken of all material received. Correspondence on points of historic interest is encouraged. The entire content of THE BEAVER is protected by copyright, but reproduction rights will be given freely upon application. Address: THE BEAVER, Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg.



(Photo, Max Sauer)

"No. 1 Northern"

The Dominion Government's 2,500,000 Bushel Grain Elevator at Fort Churchill, on Hudson Bay

THE HBC PACKET

THE press clippings which filter through *The Beaver* office and into the files in a tireless stream are the living record of a remarkably active public interest in the Hudson's Bay Company outside the borders of the Dominion. From all parts of the United States they come, sent to us in neat bundles from the press clipping agencies. A selection from today's bundle will indicate the wide range of subjects relating to the Company which appear in the newspapers.

The New York *Daily News-Record* reports by cable from its London office the Company's net profit for the year.

The *Boston Traveler*, in reporting the plans for a 1934 scientific expedition, mentions H B C northern activities.

The Los Angeles *Herald-Express*, in an article on pioneer medicine, refers to H B C as "The great medicine men of the Arctic."

The *Plain Dealer*, Cleveland, Ohio, has an account of the annual ceremony of spraying by the soldiers of the barracks of the famous 107 year old apple tree planted by the Hudson's Bay Company at Vancouver in the state of Washington.

The *Post-Intelligencer*, Seattle, Washington, reports that the Hudson's Bay Company has entered a suit against a local firm for the misuse of the Company name.

The *Herald*, Shelby, Michigan, has an account of the drifting of the *Baychimo*, which has become a perennial favourite "Arctic Mystery" with all the adjectives of ghost ships, etc., thrown in.

The New York *Times* notes that the advance party of the Bedaux-Canadian 1934 sub-Arctic Expedition will leave Fort St. John, B.C., on April 1, the Hudson's Bay Company having established food depots in advance.

The New York *News-Record* announces that the Company will in future purchase all merchandise in New York through the Associated Merchandising Corporation.

These cuttings are selected at random, but they serve to remind us that the Company is news and that the recurrent appearance of our name in print under favourable auspices is an active asset.

The life problems of a company magazine are beyond number. A house organ—and there is a wide difference between the two—is a sufficiently complex machine with its recital of babies, picnics, surprise parties and marriage announcements to drive most editors back into the quiet retreat of the sales division. Yet the house organ has one major advantage over the Company's magazine—it is sensitive to reader demand. The Company magazine, circulating as it does both inside and outside the Company, must satisfy a widely diverse group. It has not the quick reaction of approval or disapproval from its readers by which to chart its editorial course which the intimate, internal publication enjoys. A mere recital of personnel news is almost sufficient to insure "reader interest" in the house organ, but the Company magazine must not only hold the interest of staff but make friends for the Company among customers and business associates. It must take the day-to-day material of Company life and dramatize it with vigour and honesty. It is comparatively easy to take some current event in the Company's operations and make a "good story" of it in a magazine sense to be read by outsiders, but to do that and still make it interesting to the people whose daily work is involved is one of the real jobs of the Company magazine. *The Beaver* attempts to do this and no yardstick can be laid down to meas-

ure its success or failure. One cannot say that an extra pound of "Fort Garry" tea is bought in the groceteria of a Company store because the March issue of *The Beaver* was better than the December issue. Yet there are certain things which mark progress. A bulky file of generous comments by letters and telegrams which reach us after each issue; the desire of public libraries and club and university reading rooms to have *The Beaver* among their periodicals, and a growing list of paid subscribers are among some of the encouraging signs. These things mean that *The Beaver* is welcome in places where the run-of-the-mill company literature cannot go. They mean that thousands of people are interested in H B C as an institution, in its history and in its present operations. They mean that *The Beaver* is holding the interests of old friends and arousing the interest of new friends. And there is one basic truth in all modern human relations—the preference for doing business with one's friends.

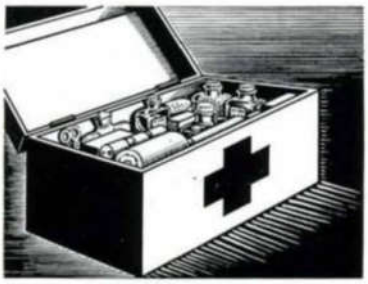
These reflections have turned *The Beaver* policy inside out. We have no trade secrets left. We are frankly in the business of making friends for the Company, yet we are endeavouring at the same time to make this periodical of ours as entertaining and informative as the contents of popular magazines. With this statement of our purpose and with the pages of *The Beaver* before you, we feel confident in announcing the subscription rate for Eastern Canada, the United States and abroad of one dollar per year.

A note on our third governor appears in Volume I of Winston Churchill's vigorous defence of his ancestor, the Duke of Marlborough: "He had that curious mixture of business capacity and imperial vision which in our own day excited the admirers and critics of Cecil Rhodes. In 1666 two French-Canadian Protestants who had opened up the fur trade around Hudson Bay . . . came to England and obtained an audience with King Charles II. In 1670 the King granted a charter 'to the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay.' Prince Rupert . . . was the first governor. In 1683 James, Duke of York, was elected to succeed him. On James's accession John Churchill was chosen. He thus became the third governor of the Hudson's Bay Company. 'The new governor,' we are told, 'threw himself heartily into the work of the Company.' In 1688 it declared a dividend of 50 percent; in 1689 a dividend of 25 percent was paid; in 1690 of 75 percent; and in that year it was decided to triple by a share-splitting operation the value of its original stock. Nor was the expansion of the original £10,500 capital unjustified. The stocks in the warehouse were alone worth that sum; the trapping of the year was expected to bring in £20,000 worth of beaver; and a claim for damages against the French for £100,000 was to be made. The Company decided to increase its trade and widen the scale of its operations. The river running into the west side of the bay far to the north was named, in honour of the new governor, Churchill river, and at its mouth in 1686 a new port and trading centre for the north and west of Canada was founded. This project is alive today."

The *Nascopie* leaves Montreal on July 7 on her annual voyage to Hudson Bay and the Eastern Arctic. This voyage of outfit 265 takes on unusual significance by reason of the Governor's presence on board the ship, for it will be the first time that the head of the Company has come to Western Canada by the historic "Bay route" which our ships have used throughout the centuries. It is a notable occasion on several counts. It will be the first time the posts on the Labrador coast and Hudson Strait have been inspected by a governor. Mr. Cooper will visit Rigolet, where Lord Strathcona, as Donald Smith, spent his thirteen-year apprenticeship as a fur trader before his rise to become the most celebrated Canadian of his day. Mr. Cooper will probably visit Rupert's House on James Bay, where the Company's first post was set up 265 years ago and named for the first governor. At Churchill the ruins of Fort Prince of Wales, that Gibraltar of the North, built by the Company and destroyed by the arms of France, will be inspected. These are but a few of the incidents of this voyage of 1934 which will add pages to the chronicles of the Great Company.

A new folder on the Hudson's Bay Point Blanket has been issued by the Wholesale Department. It is a complete gathering together of all the important facts about the blankets. Information regarding the manufacture, the colours, the weights, sizes, historic uses, has been carefully arranged. Illustrations of the standard and the pastel shaded blankets are produced in full colours. The windbreakers and coats are shown by a series of photographs. A diagram gives the weights and sizes of the entire range of blankets from the crib covers to the famous four point. It is an extremely useful and informative piece of literature which tells the story of the Company's most celebrated articles of merchandise. The Wholesale Department has issued at the same time a display card for use with the blankets.

A little black book and a large black box, together with a generous common sense, are the qualifications of Hudson's Bay Company post managers to be "medicine men" in the North. The old journals of the posts are sprinkled with references to astounding remedies used by the Company's men two centuries ago. But today, there is the standard medicine chest at one hundred and four posts and, except in the more populous communities, where the government keeps a doctor or the police try their hand, the Company's men are the medicine men. In addition to the chest, there is a substantial reserve supply of such bulky staples as castor oil, linseed meal and milk of magnesia. The big black box is a hospital in miniature, and with it goes The Post Manager's Medical Guide, written by the late R. B. Stewart, M.D., former senior medical officer of the Hudson's Bay Company. This book has two major divisions, ailments and treatments and the use of drugs. The North is, of course, celebrated for stories of primitive surgery and emergency cases, none perhaps more famous than Peter Freuchen (author of "Eskimo") appearing at Repulse Bay with the request that his toes be snipped off. But the unofficial physicians carry on with common sense and elementary chemistry and seem to do well by their patients.



Alexander Hunter Murray, whose career is outlined by Mrs. Black in this issue of *The Beaver*, was a fur trader whose ability to keep good journals has given him a unique position among those men who served the Company in the vigorous days of "full beards and good hand writing." His "Journal of the Yukon 1847-8," edited by L. J. Burpee and published by the Archives of Canada in 1910, is one of the most delightful and readable items of Canadiana. Murray had humour and it would seem that humour was hard to come by in those times. The sons of Scotland who chose the fur trade for a career found, in the grim business of earning a living, few and scattered fragments of high comedy. Consequently Murray's journal, which reflects the man's joy of life even in the most strenuous times, is a jewel in the fur trade literature. The man had a sound knowledge of natural science and keen powers of observation. His ability to punctuate his journal with sharp pungent drawings and plans of his own Fort Yukon (mostly done "as I sat smoking my pipe and my face besmeared with tobacco juice to keep at bay the damned mosquitoes"), his physical courage and enterprise in establishing his fort on Russian territory, together with his consciousness of his part in a larger scheme of fur trade and empire, make him one of the most attractive characters in the Company's story during the monopoly days. He found time to set down a local Indian vocabulary, to study the people, to keep accurate weather charts, to keep the peace with troublesome natives and, above all, to be an excellent fur trader. At Chipewyan in 1846 he married the daughter of Chief Trader Colin Campbell and spent his honeymoon descending the Mackenzie. In 1852, after his northern service, he returned to Fort Garry and managed the Rainy River district. He was later in charge of Lower Fort Garry, and is said to have sketched on the back of an envelope the design of the present Fort Garry gate. He died in retirement on the banks of the Red river in 1874. His eldest son, Alexander Campbell Murray, spent his life in the Company's service and was for many years in charge of Fort St. James, British Columbia. In 1928, A. C. Murray took part in the Fort St. James centenary pageant. He died at the post in 1931.

In the seventeenth century records of the East India Company appear the first known English references to tea. Later that great trading company came to enjoy for a time a monopoly of the business.

It is notable that tea first came to Canada on the ships of that other great royally chartered company, the Hudson's Bay Company. It would seem that tea first reached Canada at York Factory on Hudson's Bay in 1716. According to the ship's invoices "three canisters of Bohea tea" were consigned to the resident governor, James Knight. The East India Company, the Hudson's Bay Company, tea, and fur trading appear to have found a common meeting place under the auspices of Thomas Garraway of London. Garraway was the first English tea dealer and the publisher in 1660 of "An Exact Description of the Growth, Quality and Virtues of the Leaf Tea." It was in the same Garraway's famous coffee house that the Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay held their first fur auction in 1671. From these circumstances it is reasonable to assume that Prince Rupert and his associates in the Company first tasted tea at Garraway's, and that when tea came to England in substantial quantities the Company included it among the limited luxuries allowed to their officers on the distant shores of Hudson's Bay.

In our news pictures we show a photograph of the Hudson's Bay Company's new Fort Dease on Cameron Bay, Great Bear lake, the centre of the new mining activities. In our last issue we quoted our contemporary, *The Bear Lake Miner*, to the effect that nearly a million dollars had been spent in Edmonton for Bear Lake mines and that bookings for freight shipments to the North exceeded those of previous years.

Now, as a further proof of the increased activity and as proof of this Company's faith in new development in Canada, our Transport Department is constructing two motor ships, barges and smaller river craft to take care of the new freight in the Bear Lake district.

The twin-screw motor ships are being named appropriately *Dease Lake* and *Hearne Lake*, and will be eighty feet in length over all and have accommodation for ten passengers. They are being built at Fort Smith by the Northern Boat Building Company, of Edmonton, and will be ready for use on 12th July this year.

When one considers the history of Canada, it is after all not such a very long time since Alexander Mackenzie with his small party in birch-bark canoes set out from Chipewyan to find the great river which the Indians told him flowed into the Arctic Ocean, and it is still less time since the railway pushed its way across the prairies, and later up to Waterways.

A hundred years ago who dreamt of a railway across Canada? A hundred years ago men and women often faced death from starvation where today large cities stand.

Today we see regular airmails operating down the Mackenzie river, new and faster boats being built and settlements springing up where not so many years ago man was so unusual a creature that even the wild animals were not alarmed at his presence. Who knows but that before many more years have passed the modern river steamers will give way to the railway, and the Arctic shores of Bear Lake reverberate to the noises of a modern industrial town.

The City of Toronto wrote to us asking for cannons. After all, we are not in the artillery business; besides, the merchants of armaments are not in good favour in these times. But we did have some guns. In the basement of Hudson's Bay House lay seven pock-marked muzzles which came there during the general house-cleaning of relics from the older Company forts several years ago. It seemed that Toronto was having a centenary year and they were restoring old Fort Toronto to all its 1812 glory, but Toronto's guns had all been converted into pioneer ploughshares. Would we lend Toronto a brace of cannons for the honour of other days? We would, and one April day two seven-foot guns weighing twenty-five hundred pounds went by freight to Toronto, where they are to be mounted in the southwest bastion of Fort Toronto and duly labelled as being on permanent loan from the Governor and Committee to the City of Toronto. These two pieces came to Winnipeg from Moose Factory, where they had been part of that fort's defences for more than a century.

We call the cover picture of this number ". . . Trading into Hudson's Bay" because the phrase, which is borrowed from the Company's full legal title, is a most accurate caption. The citizens in the picture are trading into Hudson's Bay. They may call it "The Bay"—and we confess that very convenient short handled name does not appeal to us—but they are customers and customers must be right. This photograph of a crisp April day on Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, might well be a symbol of all our retail efforts in the cities of Western Canada. There is the clean sunshine of the West, there is the excellent building, there are generous display windows, and there is the briskly moving crowd with, we hope, increased purchasing power. All that is expressed in "New Customer Drive," and "More and more people are shopping at the Bay," and similar slogans is told in this picture. Here is the Hudson's Bay Company, not on the frontier trading in furs but in Canadian cities trading in merchandise from all the world and carrying on at the beginning of its two hundred and sixty-fifth year. The photograph is by Herbert Richardson, of Brigdens, and we have pleasure in adding it to our growing gallery of *Beaver* pictures, which is attracting attention in widening circles.

Of the constant flood of enquiries which are directed to the head office of the Company none have been stranger than that from the man who is seeking to find out who he is. His story is only another confirmation of the truth being more incredible than fiction. He told us that he believed he was born at York Factory on Hudson Bay sixty years ago. He was taken from York by a halfbreed named C. and with him spent several years. C. told our inquirer that his (the boy's) father had been a Company officer who was killed by some unknown hand and that his mother had died shortly after. A woman named Mrs. T. later adopted the boy, giving him her own name. Could the Hudson's Bay Company do anything to establish the man's origin? So an inquiry is prepared for our London office. The archives will be combed for this information and a complete report will be sent to Winnipeg, and should it prove the identity of this old trapper the facts will be given in the pages of *The Beaver*.

Arthur Heming has devoted forty-five years of his life to the painting of those things which are most distinctly Canadian. Today, in his sixth decade, he not only looks back upon a career as a Canadian artist with an established reputation abroad but forward to years of vigorous work in his field of the North. Heming's paintings are no delicate flowering of the autumn woodland school; they are strong, honest and beautiful pictures of Northern life as he has known it himself through the four seasons. Only one who has found the glory of the Canadian Northland winter could have created such pictures. The story of his turning to colours after years of work in black and white is one of the interesting stories in the world of North American contemporary art.

Arthur Heming, by Richard Jack, R.A.

An Indian Trading Episode of Forty Years Ago

By ARTHUR HEMING
With Pictures by the Author

AT noon the post manager, Mackenzie, informed me that he had received word that Oo-Koo-hoo (The Owl) was coming to the fort that afternoon and that, taking everything into consideration, he thought Oo-koo-hoo's hunting party the best for me to join. It consisted, he said, of Oo-koo-hoo and his wife, his daughter and his son-in-law Amik (The Beaver) and Amik's five children. Mackenzie further added that Oo-koo-hoo was not only one of the greatest hunters and one of the best canoe-men in that district, but in his youth he had been a great traveller, as he had hunted with other Indian tribes on Hudson Bay, on the Churchill, the Peace, the Athabasca, and the Slave rivers, and even on the far-away Mackenzie; and was a master at the game. His son-in-law, Amik, was his hunting partner. Though Amik would not be home until tomorrow, Oo-koo-hoo and his wife, their daughter and her children were coming that afternoon to get their "advances," as the party contemplated leaving for their hunting grounds on the second day. That I might look them over while they were getting their supplies in the Indian shop, and if I took a fancy to the old gentleman—who, by the way, was about sixty years of age—the trader would give me an introduction, and I could then make my arrangements with the hunter himself. So after dinner, when word came that they had landed, I left the living room for the Indian shop.

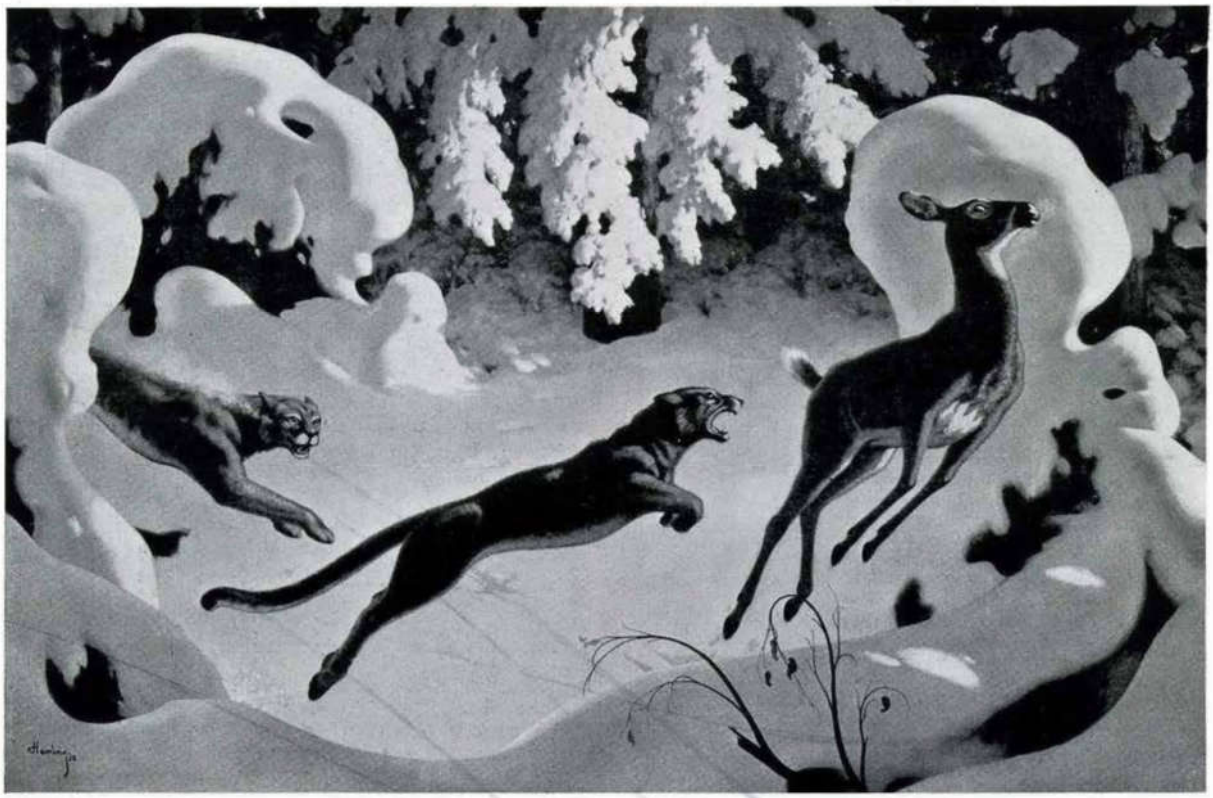
As Mackenzie was busy with another Indian when the chief entered—for Oo-koo-hoo was the chief of the Ojibways of that district—he waited patiently, as he would not deign to do business with a clerk. When he saw the trader free, he greeted:

"Quay, quay, Hugemow!" (Good day, Master).

"Gude day, man Oo-koo-hoo. What can I do for ye the day?" amicably responded Mackenzie.

"Master, it is this way. I am about to leave for my hunting grounds; but this time I am going to spend the winter upon a new part of them, where I have not hunted for years, and where game of all kinds will be plentiful. Therefore, I want you to give me liberal advances so that my hunt will not be hindered."

"Fegs. Oo-koo-hoo, ma freen', yon's an auld, auld farrant. But ye're well kenn'd for a leal, honest man; an' sae, I'se no be unco haird on ye."



In Canadian Wilds

So saying, the post manager made him a present of a couple of pounds of flour, half a pound of pork, half a pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of tea, a plug of tobacco and some matches. The post manager's generosity was prompted largely by his desire to keep the Indian in good humour. After a little friendly chaffing, he promised to give the hunter advances to the extent of one hundred "skins."

A "skin," or, as it is often called, a "made beaver," is equivalent to one dollar in the Hudson Bay and the Mackenzie River districts, but only fifty cents in the region of the Athabasca.

Perhaps it should be explained here that, while Oo-koo-hoo could speak broken English, he always preferred to use his own language when addressing the post manager, whom he knew to be quite conversant with Ojibway, and so I have chosen to render the Indian's speech as though it was translated from Ojibway into English rather than at any time render it in broken English, as the former is not only easier to read but is more expressive of the natural quality of the Indian's speech. In olden days some of the chiefs who could not speak English at all were, it is claimed, eloquent orators—far outclassing our greatest statesmen.

Oo-koo-hoo, having ascertained the amount of his credit, reckoned that he would use about fifty skins in buying traps and ammunition; the rest he would devote to the purchase of necessaries for himself and his party, as his son-in-law had arranged with him to look after his family's wants in his absence. So the old gentleman now asked for the promised skins. He was handed one hundred marked goose quills, representing that number of skins. After checking them over in bunches of ten, he entrusted twenty to his eldest grandson Ne-geek (The Otter) to be held in reserve for ammunition and tobacco, and ten to his eldest granddaughter Neykia, with which to purchase an outfit for the rest of the party.

For a long time Oo-koo-hoo stood immersed in thought. At last his face brightened. He had reached a decision. For years he had coveted a new muzzle-loading gun, and he felt that the time had now arrived to get it. So he picked out one valued at forty skins and paid for it. Then, taking back the quills his grandson held, he bought twenty skins' worth of powder, caps, shot and bullets. Then he selected for himself a couple of pairs of trousers, one pair made of moleskin and the other of tweed, costing ten skins; two shirts and a suit of underwear, ten skins; half a dozen assorted traps, ten skins. Finding that he had used up all his quills, he drew on those set aside for his wife and son-in-law's family and bought tobacco, five skins; files, one skin; an axe, two skins; a knife, one skin; matches, one half skin; and candy for his youngest grandchild, one half skin. On looking over his acquisitions, he discovered that he must have at least ten skins' worth of twine for nets and snares, five skins' worth of tea, one skin's worth of soap, one skin's worth of needles and thread, as well as a tin pail and a new frying pan. After a good deal

A Trail to Treasure

of haggling, the post manager threw him that number of quills, and Oo-koo-hoo's manifest contentment somewhat relieved the post manager's anxiety.

A moment later, however, Oo-koo-hoo was reminded by his wife, Ojistoh, that there was nothing for her; so she determined to interview the post manager herself. She tried to persuade him to give her twenty skins in trade, and promised to pay for them in the spring with rat and ermine skins, or, should those fail her, with her dog, which was worth thirty skins. She had been counting on getting some cotton print for a dress, as well as thread and needles, to say nothing of extra tea, which in all would amount to at least thirty-five or forty skins. When, however, the post manager allowed her only ten skins, her disappointment was keen, and she ended by getting a shawl. Then she left the trading room to pay a visit to the post manager's wife and confide to her the story of her expectations and her disappointment so movingly that she would get a cup of tea, a word of sympathy, and perhaps even an old petticoat.

In the meantime, Oo-koo-hoo was catching it again. He had forgotten his daughter. So, after more haggling, the trader agreed to advance her ten skins. Her mind had long been made up. She bought a three-point blanket, a small head shawl, and a piece of cotton print. Then the grandsons crowded round and grumbled because there was nothing for them.

By this time the post manager was beginning to feel that he had done pretty well for the family already; but he kept up the appearance of bluff good humour, and asked:

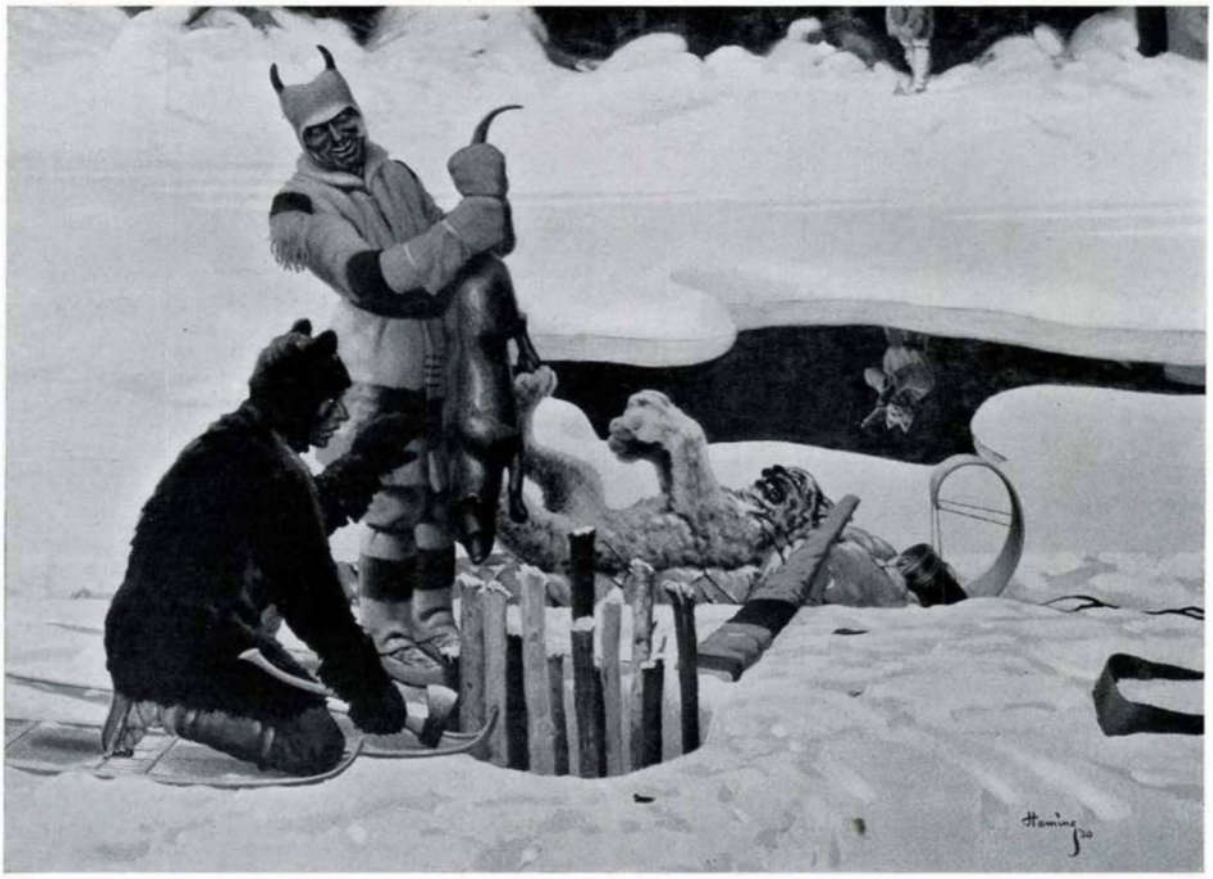
"Well, Oo-koo-hoo, what wad ye be wantin' for the laddies?"

"My grandsons are no bunglers, as you know," said the proud old grandsire. "They can each kill at least twenty skins' worth of fur."

"Aye, aye!" rejoined the post manager. "I shall e'en gi'e them twanty atween them."

In the goodness of his heart he offered the boys some advice as to what they should buy. "Ye'll be wantin' to buy traps, I'm jalousin'; an' sure ye'll turn oot to be graun' hunters, nimrods o' the North that men'll mak' sangs aboot i' the comin' years." He cautioned them to choose wisely, because from henceforth they would be personally responsible for everything they bought, and must pay, "skin for skin" (the motto of the Hudson's Bay Company).

The boys listened with gloomy civility, and then purchased an assortment of useless trifles such as ribbons, tobacco, buttons, candy, rings, pomatum, perfume and Jew's harps.



The Trap Robbers

The post manager's patience was now nearly exhausted. He picked up his account book, and strode to the door, and held it open as a hint to the Indians to leave. But they pretended to take no notice of his action.

The granddaughters, who had been growing more and more anxious lest they should be forgotten, now began to be voluble in complaint. Oo-koo-hoo called the trader aside and explained the trouble. The post manager realized that he was in a corner, and that if he now refused further supplies he would offend the old chief, and drive him to sell his best furs to the opposition trader in revenge. He surrendered, and the girls received ten skins.

At long last everyone was pleased except the unhappy post manager. Gathering his purchases together, Oo-koo-hoo tied up the powder, shot, tea, and sugar in the legs of the trousers; placed the purchases for his wife, daughter, and granddaughters in the shawl, and the the rest of the goods in the blanket.

Then he made the discovery that he had neither flour nor grease. He could not start without them. The post manager's blood was now almost at the boiling pitch; but he dared not betray his feelings, for the Indian was ready to take offence at the slightest word, so rich and independent did he feel. Angering him now would simply mean adding to the harvest of the opposition trader. He chewed his lower lip in the effort to smother his disgust, and growled out with an angry grin:

"Hoots, mon, ye ha'e gotten ower muckle already. It's fair redeeklus. I jist canna gi'e ye onythin' mair ava!"

"Ah, but, master, you have forgotten that I am a great hunter; and that my son-in-law is a great hunter, too. This is but the outfit for a lazy man! Besides, the Great Company is rich, and I am poor. If you will be stingy, I shall not trouble you more."

Once again the post manager gave way, and handed out the flour and grease. All filed out, and the post manager turned the key in the door. As he walked toward the house, his spirits began to rise, and he clapped the old Indian on the back good-naturedly. Presently Oo-koo-hoo halted in his tracks. He had forgotten something: he had nothing in case of sickness.

"Master, you know my voyage is long; my work is hard; the winter is severe. I am not very strong now: I may fall ill. My wife, she is not very strong, may fall ill also. My son-in-law is not very strong; he may fall ill too. My daughter is not . . . ."

"De'il ha'e ye!" roared the post manager, "what is't the noo?"

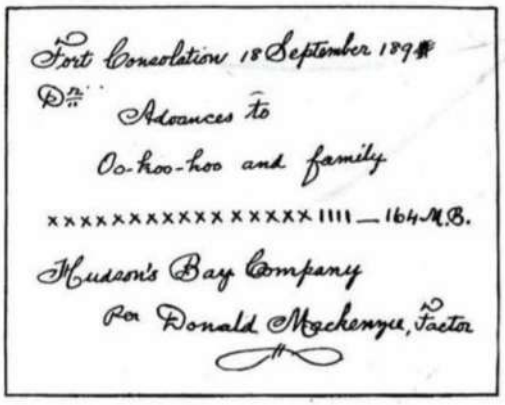
"Never mind, it will do tomorrow," muttered the hunter with an offended air.

"As I'm a leevin' sinner, it's noo or it's nivver," insisted the post manager, who had no desire to let the Indian have another day at it. "Come back this verra minnit, an' I'll gi'e ye a wheen poothers an' sic like, that'll keep ye a'hale and hearty, I houp, till ye win hame again."

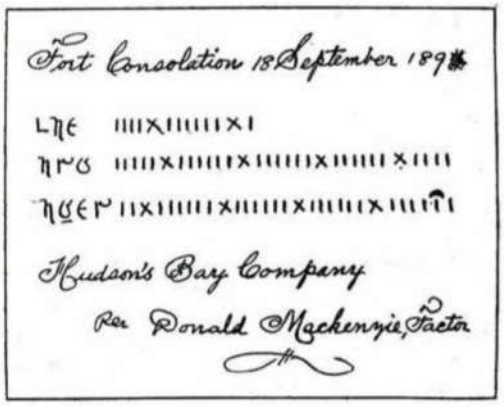
The post manager took him back and gave him some salts, peppermint, pain-killer and sticking plaster to offset all the ills that might befall him and his party during the next ten months.

Once more they started for the house. The post manager was ready to put up with anything as long as he could get away from the store. Oo-koo-hoo now told Mackenzie not to charge anything against his wife as he would settle her account himself, and that as Amik would be back in the morning, he, too, would want his advances, and if they had forgotten anything, Amik could get it next day. The post manager scowled again, but it was too late.

While the Indians lounged around the kitchen and talked to the post manager's wife and the half-breed servant girl, the post manager went to his office and made out Oo-koo-hoo's bill, which read:



The Indian now told Mackenzie that he wanted him to send the "fur runners" to him with supplies in ten weeks' time; and that he must have a "geese-wark," or measure of days, in order to know exactly when the fur runners would arrive at his camp. So the factor made out the following calender:



The above characters to the left are syllabic—a method of writing taught to the Indians by the missionaries. They spell the words September, October and November. The I's represent week-days and the X's Sundays. The calendar begins with the 18th of September, and the crescent marks the 29th of November, the date of the arrival of the fur runners. The Indian would keep track of the days by pricking a hole above the proper figure.

Presently Mackenzie and I were alone for a few moments and he growled:

"Whit d'ye think o' the auld de'il?"

"Fine, I'll go with him, if he will take me."

So I had a talk with the old Indian; and when he learned that I had no intention of killing game, but merely wanted to accompany him and his son-in-law on their hunt, he consented and we came to terms. I was to be ready to start early on the morning of 20th. Then Oo-koo-hoo turned to the post manager and said:

"Master, it is getting late, and it will be later when I reach my lodge. I am hungry now, and I shall be hungrier still when I get home. I am growing. . . . "

"Aye, aye, ma birkie," interrupted Mackenzie, "I un'erstaun' fine." He bestowed upon the confident petitioner a further gratuity of flour, tea, sugar and tallow, a clay pipe, a plug of tobacco and some matches, so as to save him from having to break in upon his winter supplies before he started upon his journey to the hunting grounds. Oo-koo-hoo solemnly expressed his gratitude.

"Master, my heart is pleased. You are my father. I shall now hunt well, and you shall have all my fur."

To show his appreciation of the compliment, the post manager gave him an old shirt, and wished him good luck.

In the meantime, Oo-koo-hoo's wife had succeeded in obtaining from the post manager's wife old clothes for her grandchildren, needles and thread and some food. Just as they got ready to go, the young woman, Amik's wife, remembered that the baby had brought a duck as a present for the factor's children, so they had to give a present, in return, worth at least twice as much as the duck.

The post manager and his family were by this time sufficiently weary. Right willingly did they go down to the landing to see the Indians off. No sooner had these taken their places in the canoes and paddled a few strokes away than the grandmother remembered that she had a present for Mackenzie and his wife. All paddled back again, and the post manager and his wife were each presented with a pair of moccasins. No, she would not take anything in return, at least, not just now. Tomorrow, perhaps, when they came to say good-bye.

"Losh me! I thought they were aff an' gane," exclaimed the post manager, as he turned and strode up the beach.

I inwardly laughed, for any man—red, white, black or yellow—who could make such a hard-headed old Scotsman as Donald Mackenzie loosen up was certainly clever; and the way old Oo-koo-hoo made off with such a lot of supplies proved him more than a match for the post manager.

Fort Maurepas

Comments Received on the Article on Fort Maurepas Published in the March Issue

IN the last issue of this magazine we printed an article expressing the opinion that the original Fort Maurepas was erected on the Red river in Manitoba and that it was probably located somewhere in the neighbourhood of the present town of Selkirk. In expressing this opinion we went contrary to the opinion expressed some years ago by such eminent historians as Dr. C. N. Bell, Judge Prud'homme and Father Morice.

Our article has aroused considerable interest and we have received several letters on the subject. As we think these letters will be of general interest, we reproduce some of them in this issue.

Extract of letter from H. C. Knox, (secretary, Manitoba Historical Society):

"Among other matters, I am very interested in your account of 'mythical' Fort Maurepas. Your statement that it is a controversial footnote in Canadian map making is quite correct. I spent one Sunday afternoon arguing with Judge Prud'homme about the matter, with the end, as the judge stated, that we must 'agree to disagree.' There is one route to the West of which the judge was quite unaware. That is the route by the Roseau river from the Lake of the Woods to the Red. A careful study of the La Verendrye journals (Champlain edition) will convince any reader that it was the first route followed by La Verendrye himself. There are innumerable references to it as well in many journals of other traders and explorers. The junction of it with the Red is called Fourche aux Roseau, and it was there that his nephew La Jemmeraie died. Possibly there was a post there as well for a time but the matter is not certain.

"There is no doubt that the first Fort Maurepas was somewhere below Selkirk, and was there when La Verendrye himself visited the post in 1737. The judge is quite out there. He (La Verendrye) went across from Fort St. Charles by the Savanne portage to the Roseau and by the Fourche au Roseau at its mouth, where his nephew was buried, and thence down the Red to the site of Fort Maurepas near its mouth. The post was later moved to the mouth of the Winnipeg, but the name of Fort Maurepas seems to have been dropped. His successor, St. Pierre, refers to the post at the mouth of the Winnipeg river as Bas de la Riviere—the same name by the way that it held in the time of the Nor'westers. There is still the tradition among the Fort Alexander Indians of a French post on the north side of the river mouth, and Dr. Stewart found depressions there last summer that might be the remains of the ancient cellars.

"However, the first Fort Maurepas was built on the Red river below Selkirk and the second was on the Winnipeg river. The actual site of either is not yet definite."

Extract of letter from Mr. Charles H. M. Gordon, Pine Falls, Man.

"Apropos of your article in *The Beaver* on Fort Maurepas, if John McDonell's journal can be relied upon as quoted in the recent published book, 'Five Fur Traders of the Northwest,' they are all wrong as to the location of old Fort Maurepas.

"From the journal of John McDonell dated Friday, 30th Aug., 1793: 'Passed the three discharges and the last portage on the River Winipic, Upon a high knoll between the last rapid on the N. E. shore stood a French Fort of which there is now not a vestage remaining except the clearing. This place is now called by the men Point au Foutre. Two leagues further down on the opposite side of the River is the North West Company's Fort, built by Mons Toussaint Le sieur a year ago. This is also called Bas de la Riviere Fort.'

"Now this record was written only sixty years after the time of Verendrye. The French fort mentioned must have been Fort Maurepas, and it was situated between the *Last Portage* and the *Last Rapid* on the northeast shore of the Winnipeg river. Now I live on the southeast shore between the last portage and the last rapid, so by standing in front of my house one may be looking at or not far from the old site of Fort Maurepas."

Extract of letter from Mr. Clifford P. Wilson, Westmount, P.Q.:

"I was especially interested in your article on Fort Maurepas, as I spent a good deal of time a couple of years ago studying the La Verendryes' travels. The first Fort Maurepas *was* built in 1734 on the Red river, and remained in use there until at least 1739. If you have the Champlain Society edition of La Verendrye's journals, you will see (pp. 127 and 191) that La Verendrye sent the Sieur Cartier with twelve men to build a fort one arpent square at the mouth of the Red river in the summer of 1734. He told him to begin building and to tell the savages that his son (Pierre) would be coming down about the end of the August moon. On page 197 Pierre tells Beauharnois that he could not establish the fort at the mouth of the river, as it is all prairie there, but had to build it five leagues upstream. He adds that the fort and river are both named Maurepas, but in spite of this the river continued to be known as Rouge. This information is corroborated on pages 441, 442 and 484. In the latter instance it is stated that the fort is now (1749) abandoned.

"La Verendrye the elder (who generally gets the credit for his son's and nephew's explorations) visited this fort on Feb. 25, 1737 (page 242), and at the time (page 244) proposed that it be transferred to the mouth of the Assiniboine. He visited again the following year on September 22 or 23

(page 298 and 445), going evidently by way of the Winnipeg river and Lake Winnipeg, and then pushed on fifteen leagues (37½ miles) upstream to the junction of the Assiniboine, where on the 24th he found ten cabins of Cree.

"As for Fort aux Rosseaux, I'm afraid there was no such place. Judge Prud'homme's legend about La Verendrye's praying before a cross at this 'fort' evidently springs from La Verendrye's remark (page 214) that he had made a cross *on the map* of 1737 to mark the site of his nephew's death at *Fork* des Roseaux—that is the junction of the Roseau river with the Red. This was the route by which they came and went to and from Fort Maurepas in 1737.

"The *Fort Abandonne* of the 1737 map was obviously, as Father Morice says, the supposedly abandoned Fort Maurepas 1, which La Verendrye says he is going to have transferred to the mouth of the Assiniboine (page 244), and the map maker has anticipated the move.

"Fort Maurepas was evidently transferred to the Winnipeg river about the same time as Fort Rouge was built on the present site of Winnipeg. It was still called the Winnipeg river in 1739 (page 358), but was later renamed the Maurepas river, probably when the second Fort Maurepas was built there. Bell, in his 'Old Forts of Winnipeg,' says that Lamarque or De Louviere built Fort Rouge in 1738, but actually they only expressed their *intention* of doing so at that time. The original Fort Maurepas was still in existence in the spring of 1739, as Lamarque went back there then from Fort La Reine; so Fort Rouge was evidently built later than that. The map which shows it, and which Bell says is dated 1740, bears no date or indication of one except that it was after 1741, when Fort Dauphin was built.

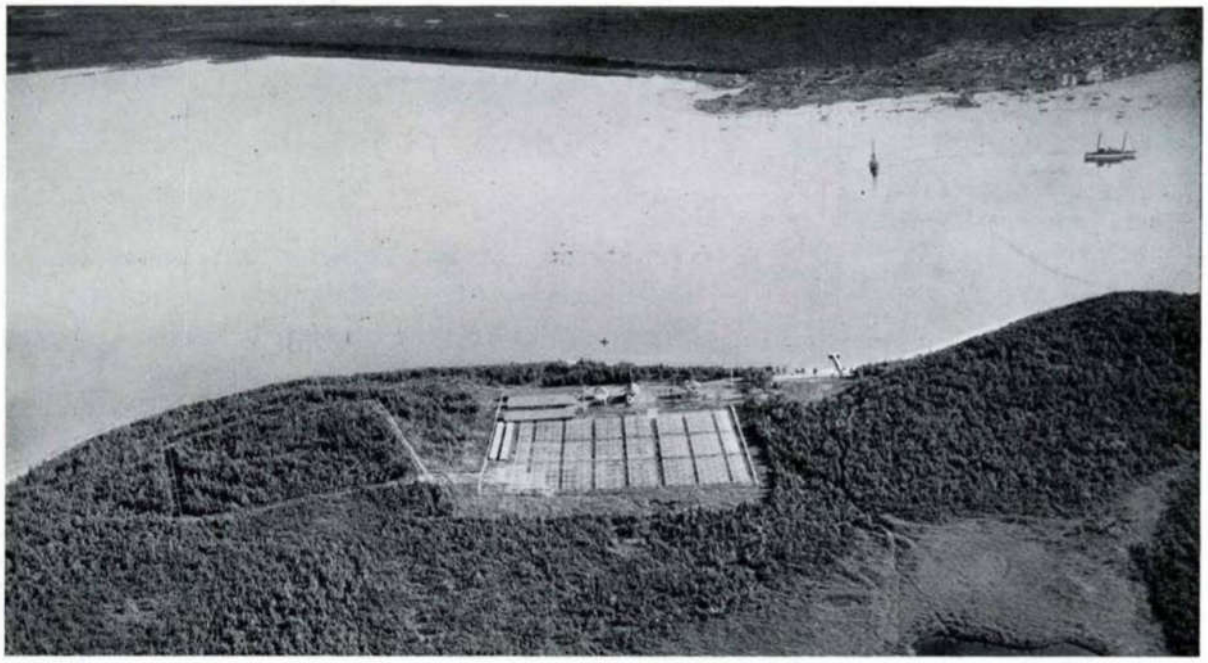
"In passing I might note that Burpee (page 127) speaks of an English fort *on* the Red river. The translation should of course read *'from* the Red River.' Also, the Pointe du Bois fort (page 222) near Red Lake was not a fort but a point. 'Fort' is here an adjective (in English, Strongwoods Point)."

Lengthy notes on the subject were received from Mr. William Douglas, of Winnipeg, which we regret we have not space to reproduce in full. The following is a *precis* of his notes:

On 21st May 1733 La Verendrye wrote Beauharnois that he had sent his nephew and son "to Ouinipigon to put up a fort there . . . I expect they will have it finished by the month of August."

Beauharnois later sent a report to Paris summarizing the events which took place under the establishment of La Verendrye between May 1733 and July 1734, which stated that La Verendrye had been requested by the Indians to erect a fort near the present site of Winnipeg and "the most convenient place . . . was two days' journey up the lake on the southwest side of the outlet of the Red river."

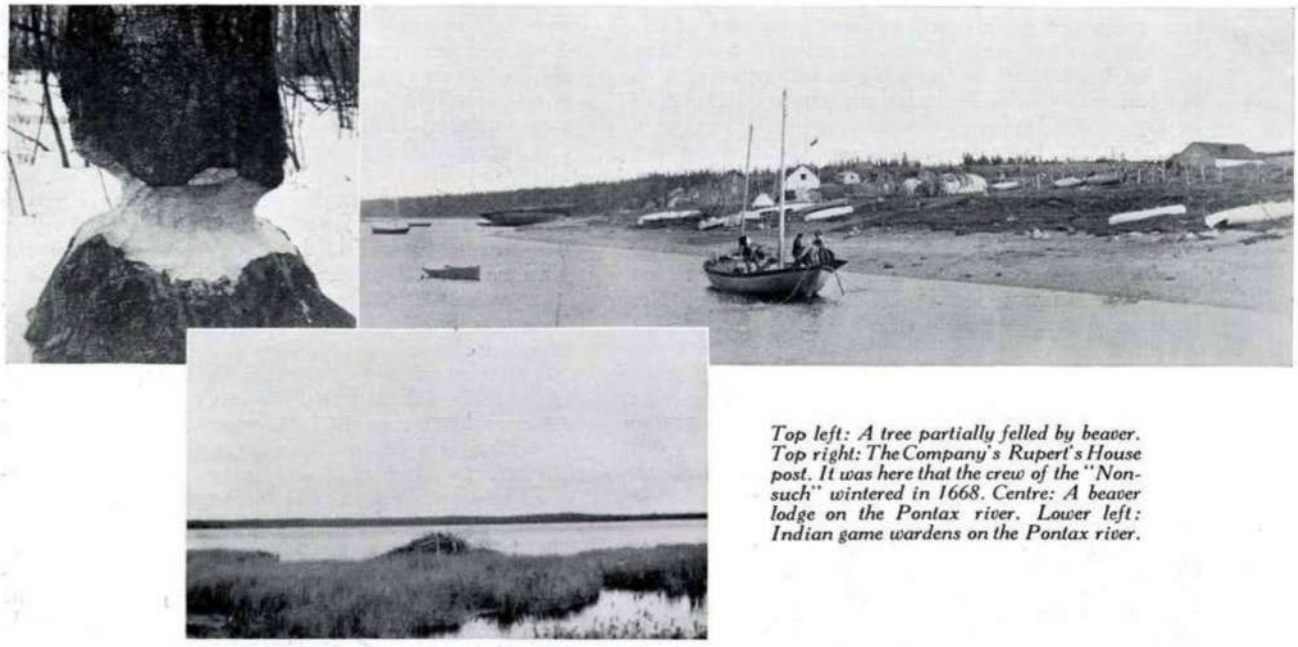
[*Continued on Page 63*



Mingan Fur Farm, an R.C.A.F. air photograph of which is reproduced above, is situated on Eskimo island, one of the Mingan group of islands off the north shore of the St. Lawrence, near the settlement of Havre St. Pierre. The necessary land was cleared and the pens and fences for the foxes, together with a dwelling house for the farm manager and staff, were erected during the summer of 1929. In September of that year eighty foxes were transferred to the new farm from Charlottetown, P.E.I.

The following five years saw a considerable increase in the farm breeding stock and this has now been stabilized at four hundred foxes, all in excess of this number being pelted annually.

To provide for the increased stock many new pens and sheds have been erected and the area of the farm has also been considerably extended. In order to give the necessary diet to the foxes, cows and chickens have been added to the farm and a large vegetable garden planted.



Top left: A tree partially felled by beaver. Top right: The Company's Rupert's House post. It was here that the crew of the "Nonsuch" wintered in 1668. Centre: A beaver lodge on the Pontax river. Lower left: Indian game wardens on the Pontax river.

7000 Square Miles of Beaver Sanctuary

By
J. W. ANDERSON
Manager, James Bay District

Conservation of the Valuable but Scarce Beaver by the Company in the Neighbourhood of Rupert's House, James Bay, the Oldest Post of the Company

THE fur trade is indeed moving on through the centuries when conditions render it necessary actively to conserve the beaver at the very oldest of the Company's posts; a post, moreover, which has been very little disturbed by civilization in the Company's two hundred and sixty-four years of operations. The *Nonsuch* wintered at Rupert's House, or Fort Charles as it was then called, in the winter of 1668-9 and returned to London in the summer of 1669 loaded to capacity with furs, mostly beaver skins. Even until comparatively recent times (ten or twelve years ago), Rupert's House was producing from six hundred to one thousand beaver per annum, but, on looking back, it is evident that the causes which have led almost to the extinction of beaver were then in operation. It is for this reason, therefore, that the experiment of the Rupert's House beaver sanctuary may open up possibilities of considerable moment to the Fur Trade Department generally.

In launching this experiment in beaver conservation we are not entirely without precedent, for it is well known that the company operated a very successful Beaver farm on Charlton Island from about the year 1860 until 1902. The beaver for stocking the island were taken from Rupert's House, and the system adopted was to allow the island to remain undisturbed for two or three years and, after the beaver had increased sufficiently, to send out natives to trap and pelt them.

The present beaver sanctuary idea was raised by Mr. J. S. C. Watt, manager of our Rupert's House post, who is also manager of the beaver sanctuary. Mr. Watt had been viewing with alarm for a num-

Top left: Supplies en route from Moose Factory to Rupert's House. Top right: Falls on Pontax river. Lower left: Board put up by game wardens to signify presence of beaver lodge. Lower right: Felled trees and a canal dug by beaver.

ber of years the rapid decline in beaver and has been indefatigable in his efforts for the establishment of the sanctuary. It is not always easy to secure official action, but Mr. Watt pressed his case for conservation with energy and enthusiasm and, now that the Rupert's House beaver sanctuary is an accomplished fact, he is supervising it with a view to restoring, in as short a time as possible, the beaver population in that section. No one realizes better than Mr. Watt the benefits to the natives and to the country in general which will result from the successful outcome of our conservation plans at Rupert's House.

The Rupert's House beaver sanctuary is a stretch of country some seven thousand square miles in area which the Company has leased from the government of the province of Quebec. The boundaries of the preserve are well defined on three sides. On the east there is the shore line of James Bay between the Rupert and the Eastmain rivers. On the south the Rupert's river serves as a very good boundary line for a distance of approximately one hundred and forty miles inland; while on the north the Eastmain river defines the limits of the concession for a corresponding distance inland. On the east, or up-country side, the 76th meridian is used as a boundary line running from north to south from the Eastmain to the Rupert's river.

The Company is under an obligation to the government of the province of Quebec in the matter of surveys on the concession and for the appointment and maintenance of game guardians, who are chosen from the native Indians who belong to that part of the country. The summer of 1933 was the first time since the inception of the concession that the Company had the opportunity to carry out its regular surveys and to make some check-up on the numbers of beaver on the sanctuary. Indian game guardians were sent out from Rupert's House, from Eastmain and from Nemaska posts and, in addition, the manager of Rupert's House post, who is also manager of the beaver sanctuary, made a survey to check up on the Indians' work. In the course of these surveys all the main rivers on the concession were surveyed by the Indians, while the post manager went up from the coast about one hundred and twenty miles inland on the Pontax river. This river runs parallel to and about ten miles north of the Rupert's river. As a result of these surveys thirty-eight beaver lodges were located.

In estimating the number of beaver, in twenty-four of the thirty-eight lodges a population of five beaver was counted, and in fourteen of the thirty-eight lodges a population of three. This is a conservative estimate for, while the majority of beaver lodges have at least five beaver in them, the young beaver very seldom have more than one or two at the first litter. By using this conservative method of estimating a total number of one hundred and sixty-two beaver on the concession is arrived at.

One can be definitely assured that there is this number of beaver on the concession, for it will readily be realized that in such a large section of country it is difficult for even Indians to cover and explore all the creeks and other waterways wherein beaver may be located. In another year, by following the same routes, it will be possible to check up fairly accurately the number of increase in the beaver besides exploring new creeks and waterways. The Indians themselves, with the assistance of the post manager, have prepared maps of the several rivers on the concession and have marked thereon the location of the various beaver lodges which they have located. Moreover all creeks and lakes, etc., examined by the Indian game guardians are marked with tree blazes or posts with the letters H B C marked thereon.

In another year it will be possible for the Indian game guardians to check up quite accurately on these maps and report on the increases taking place.

In the course of the 1933 surveys it was found that only one small section of the concession had been damaged by forest fires in recent times. Evidently the concession has been quite extensively burned over at some time in the past for quite a portion of it is covered with a new growth of young trees, including a great many aspen, which tree is particularly suited for beaver food. It was found that most of the lakes and bays in the Pontax river were covered with water lilies, the roots of which are also excellent food for beaver.

All indications would go to show that the beaver sanctuary is excellently suited for the propagation of beaver and, provided forest fires can be kept down, there is no doubt that it will support a very large population of beaver. It is worthy of mention in connection with the fire hazard that, in addition to their duties as game guardians, the Indians appointed to the sanctuary are also obliged to do any and all work that may be necessary relative to fire fighting. The Company realizes, of course, that once a forest fire gains a foothold in some remote corner of the concession it is not much that the game guardians can do, but on the other hand they have already put out one fire which broke out close to Rupert's House post. The game guardians and all the other Indians are schooled in the urgency for care to avoid forest fires.

The game guardians are selected from among the natives who actually reside on the beaver concession. According to the terms of the lease these game guardians are permanent employees and are to be paid by the Company for their work on the sanctuary. The wages paid them are also intended to reimburse them to some extent for the beaver they are not allowed to trap. They are at liberty, of course, to trap any other animals on the concession.

There are fourteen game guardians this year. Each Indian guardian is given a badge of office and an impressive document with a seal as his certificate of office. In this way the importance of the beaver sanctuary and the authority of the game guardians is impressed upon the natives.

In return for this remuneration the game guardians are required at all times to protect the beaver against other Indians, to make all necessary patrols or surveys and to be on the alert against forest fires. When sent out on patrols or on fire fighting work by the post manager, the guardians are given rations in addition to their standard remuneration.

It is only reasonable to suppose that the Indians, knowing the need for conservation and taking the interest they do in the wild life of their country, are keenly interested in the work of patrolling the beaver sanctuary. It is work that comes naturally to them and they can therefore do it with pleasure and interest. There can be no doubt that the Indians are alive to the necessity of some form of aggressive conservation if the beaver are to be kept in the country and their continued support is therefore counted on. Nor can there be any doubt as to the capacity of the concession, once properly re-stocked, to maintain a number of Indian families in comfort and comparative economic independence as compared with the state of affairs at the present time.

The Company believes also the support of the Indian agent, and through him the Department of Indian Affairs at Ottawa, may be counted on, as well as the support and co-operation of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and the missionaries in as much as both parties are interested in the economic welfare of the Indians. The support of the government of the province of Quebec is assured by the fact that they have granted the lease for the concession.

The Rupert's House beaver sanctuary is altogether an ambitious scheme, and it may well be that the Company, as so many times in the past, is pioneering in a new and novel development of the fur trade in Canada. It is very likely that a large portion of northern Canada will remain indefinitely as Indian country and anything that can be done to maintain the economic welfare of the natives thereon will be not alone for the Company's benefit but for the general welfare of the natives and the country as a whole.

The Archives of the Hudson's Bay Company

By
R. H. G. LEVESON GOWER
Archivist of the Company

A Second Article on the Assembling of the Old Records in London Describing the Section Allotted to the Minute Books

THE December issue of *The Beaver* contained the first of a series of articles on the general classification and scheme of arrangement of the Company's archives. The following article will give some particulars describing the "classes" of records. I do not think we can do better then commence with section A, of which the minute books are an interesting feature: these are almost complete from the date of the Company's incorporation until 1870—the end of the period under review—the only gaps being as follows: May, 1670, to October, 1671; July, 1674, to November, 1679; January, 1778, to April, 1778; January, 1789, to October, 1792.

In some cases the fair copies of the minute books are missing, but, with the exception of the brief periods above alluded to, the deficiency is supplied in all cases by the "Foule" minute books. These are rough copies of the minute books, but in many instances they appear to be almost as scrupulously kept.

There are in addition two volumes of minutes of the sub-committee from 1717 to 1737. These were subsequently embodied in the minute book proper.

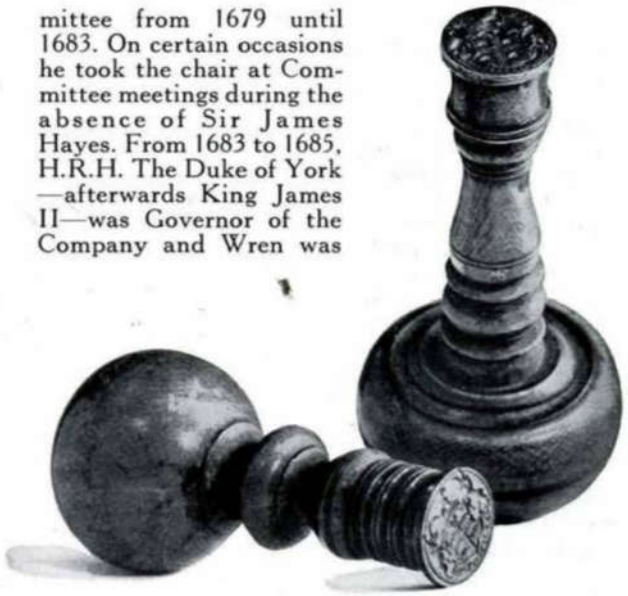
Add to these the General Court minute books which commence in 1690 and extend until 1870, with the exception of the period 1789 to 1819.

There is also a book of "Minutes of the Board for consulting and Advising on the Management of the (Fur) Trade," which details the proceedings of the joint committee of 1821 to 24, when the affairs of the Hudson's Bay and North-West Companies were conducted under a deed of co-partnership by selected representatives of each.

And finally the agenda books, which are continuous from 1737 to 1870, excepting for 1789 to 1810.

All these books together furnish a mass of information regarding the conduct of affairs at Hudson's Bay House through many generations.

Diverse items of great interest are to be found in the Company's minute books. In the early days many outstanding personalities were "adventurers." Prince Rupert was Governor of the Company for the first twelve years of its incorporation. Then too, Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of St. Paul's Cathedral, was a member of the Committee from 1679 until 1683. On certain occasions he took the chair at Committee meetings during the absence of Sir James Hayes. From 1683 to 1685, H.R.H. The Duke of York—afterwards King James II—was Governor of the Company and Wren was one of the members of the Committee deputed to convey the intelligence of the appointment to him.



The First Seal of the Company, made in the year 1680

It will be observed from the minute books that until 1682 the meetings were generally held at the houses of members of the Committee, as it was not until then—when they leased the Scrivener's Hall in Noble Street—that the Company possessed a house of its own.

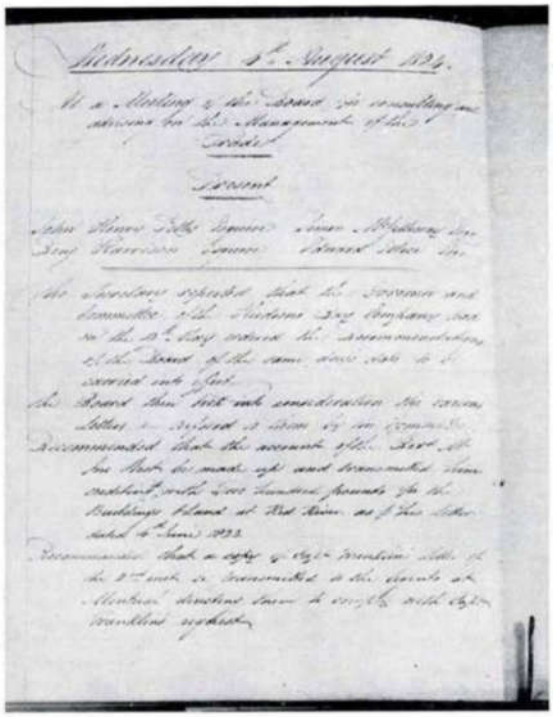
The following examples illustrate the kind of material to be found in our minute books. At a meeting at Sir Robert Viner's house on November 14th, 1671, the following resolution was passed regarding the first public fur sale to be held by the Company:

"That Mr. Rastell take care to putt up publick bills upon the Exchange to morow morneing for Sale of li. 3000: weight of beaver coates & skins at Mr. Garway's coffee house upon tuesday the 5th Xber (Dec.) at two a clocke afternoon, accordeing

to former orders made the 24th of october & 7 of November & yt. Mr. Ely with the advise of Mr. Parham doe forthwith put the sayd beaver into thirty Lottes fitt for Sale."

This sale, however, was afterwards postponed until 24th January, 1672.

On the 3rd December 1679, a resolution in the minute book runs: "Master (Wm.) Walker doe pay to John Pinke thirty shillings for the Painting of the Armes of the Company." And on the 27th May, 1680, Sir James Hayes, the deputy governor, was ordered to: "Gett a Little Seale of the Armes of the Company to be cutt for the sealing of our Letters." It is interesting to note that the seal here alluded to is still preserved and, moreover, has been in constant use until the present day. From these extracts we have evidence that the Company's coat of arms had been adopted at this early date.

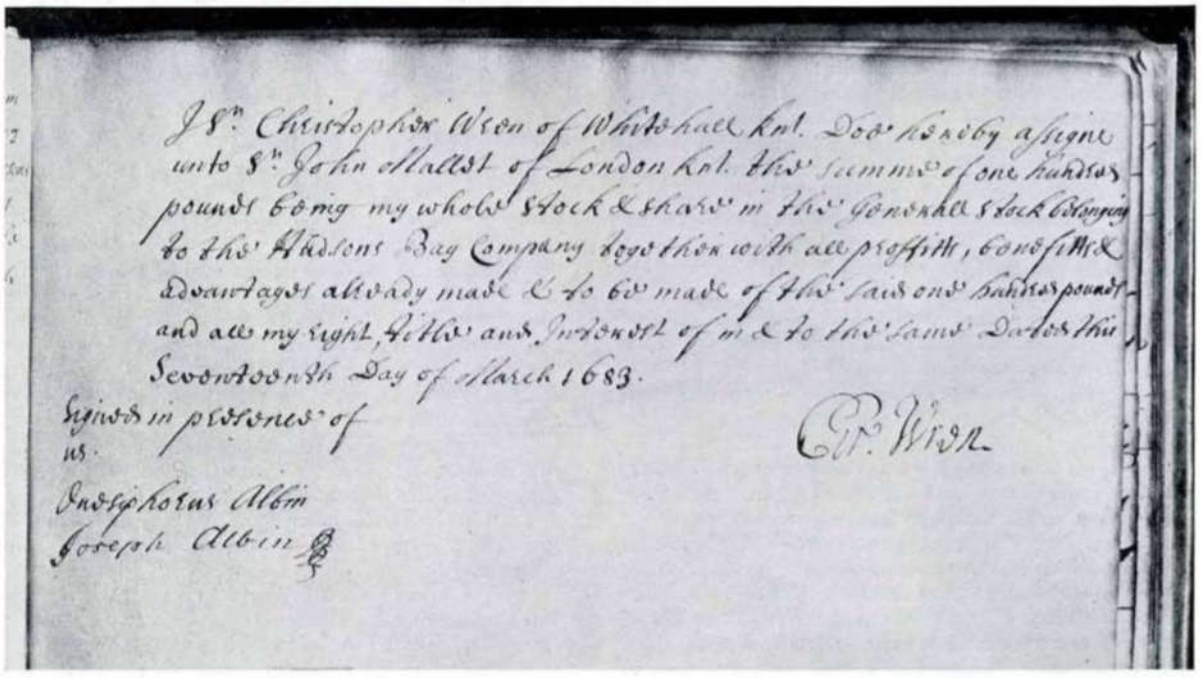


Minute of Meeting of the Fur Trade Advisory Board, 1824, containing a reference to Sir John Franklin, the Arctic Explorer

At a Committee meeting on the 29th September, 1682, at which Sir Christopher Wren was himself in the chair, it was ordered: "That such shutters, bolts & locks be made to the Warehouse as Sr. Chris. Wren shall judg fitt to be done & the Secretary to see it accordingly done wth. Expedition."

Thus we have a vision of Wren supervising the minutest details in regard to the Company's buildings, whilst he was simultaneously engaged on the gigantic work of rebuilding St. Paul's Cathedral.

In February, 1685, on the death of King Charles II, the Duke of York succeeded to the throne as King James II. It therefore became necessary for the committee to select a new Governor. Their choice fell upon John, Lord Churchill (better known as the Duke of Marlborough), a distinguished soldier and confidant of the King. He was now thirty-five years of age. The General Court for obtaining the approval of the "Adventurers" to this decision was fixed for April 2nd, and on the



Assignment of Stock in the Hudson's Bay Company by Sir Christopher Wren, the Architect Who Planned St. Paul's Cathedral, London

previous day it is recorded in the minutes that:

"Sr. James Hayes according to the Direction of the Committee has Invited the Lord John Churchill to morrow to dinner, in order thereunto he and severall of this Committee are desired this Evening to bespeake a Dynner to morrow at the Rummor Taverne in Queenes Street."

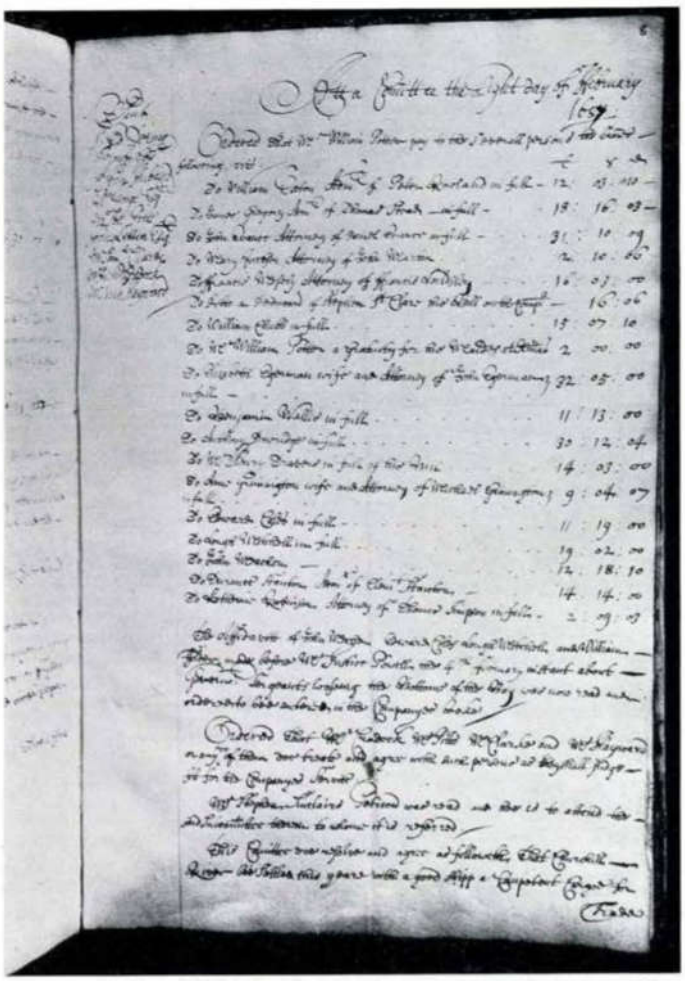
On the occasion of his election as Governor, Churchill took the following oath of fidelity to the Company:

"I, John Lord Churchill Doe sweare to be Good and true to our Soverayne Lord the King, his Heires & Successors and yt I will be Faithful to the Compa. of Adventurers of England Trading to Hudsons Bay, the Secrets of the said Company I will not Disclose I will well & truely Execute the office of Governor of the said Company in all things concerning the same and dureing the present Joynt Stock of the sd. Compa. I will not Trade to any the Lymitts of the Companies Charter without leave of the sd Company first had & obtayned So helpe me God."

A few days after Churchill's return to London from the defeat of the Monmouth rebellion at the victory of Sedgemoor (July 5th, 1685), the following entry appears in the Company's minute book:

"Sir. James Hayes (Deputy Governor) is Desired to waite upon my Lord Churchil(l) to know his Lordshipps pleasure, when the Committee shall waite upon him, to Congratulate his Lordshipps safe Returne from the Campage against the Rebells in the West of England."

Whilst Churchill remained Governor of the Company occurred the abdication of King James II, and it is interesting to read that the annual General Court in November, 1688, for the election of the Governor and Committee was held exactly a fortnight after William of Orange landed at Torbay and a few weeks prior to the flight of James to the Continent. Shortly after his proclamation in February, 1689, William III created Churchill Earl of Marlborough, and the Hudson's Bay Company swore allegiance to the new sovereign.



Page of Minute Book Containing the First Reference to Churchill by Name. The page is dated 8th February, 1687, the actual date, however, is February, 1688, as prior to 1752 the year began on 25th March, instead of 1st January.

The following picturesque incident is worth recalling. On the formation of the Company £300 stock was presented to James, Duke of York, and after his abdication this stock was interpreted to have passed with the Crown to Dutch William. At a Committee meeting on the 18th September, 1690, it was decreed that the King's accrued dividends be presented to him in gold. Accordingly, on 26th September, Sir Edward Dering, deputy governor, four members of the Committee and certain "Adventurers" visited his Majesty at Kensington Palace and presented him with his dividends. Sir Edward Dering addressed the King as follows:

"May it Please your Matie.

"Your Maties. Most Loyall & Dutifull Subjects, the Hudson's Bay Compa. begg Leave most humbly to Congratulate yr. Maties Happy Returne home (after the Battle of the Boyne) with Honour & Safety; And wee doe daily pray to Heaven (that Hath Soe Wonderfully preservd. your Royall person) that in all your Undertakeings yr. Matie may bee as Victorious as Caesar as Beloved as Titus, and (after all) have the glorious Long Reigne & Peacefull End of Augustus.

"On this Happy Ocasion wee desier allso most humbly to Present to your Matie. a divedend of three hundred Guines Upon three Hundred pounds Stock in the Hudson's Bay Compa. now Rightfully devolved to your Matie. And altho wee have been the greatest Sufferers of any Compa. from those Common Enemies of all mankind the French, yet when your Maties. Just Armes Shall have given Repose to all Christendome, Wee also Shall Enjoy our Share, of those great Benefitts, & doe not doubt but to appeare often with this golden frute in our hands Under the Happy Influence of your Maties. Most Gracious protection over Us & all our Concernes. Which wee most Humbly begg."

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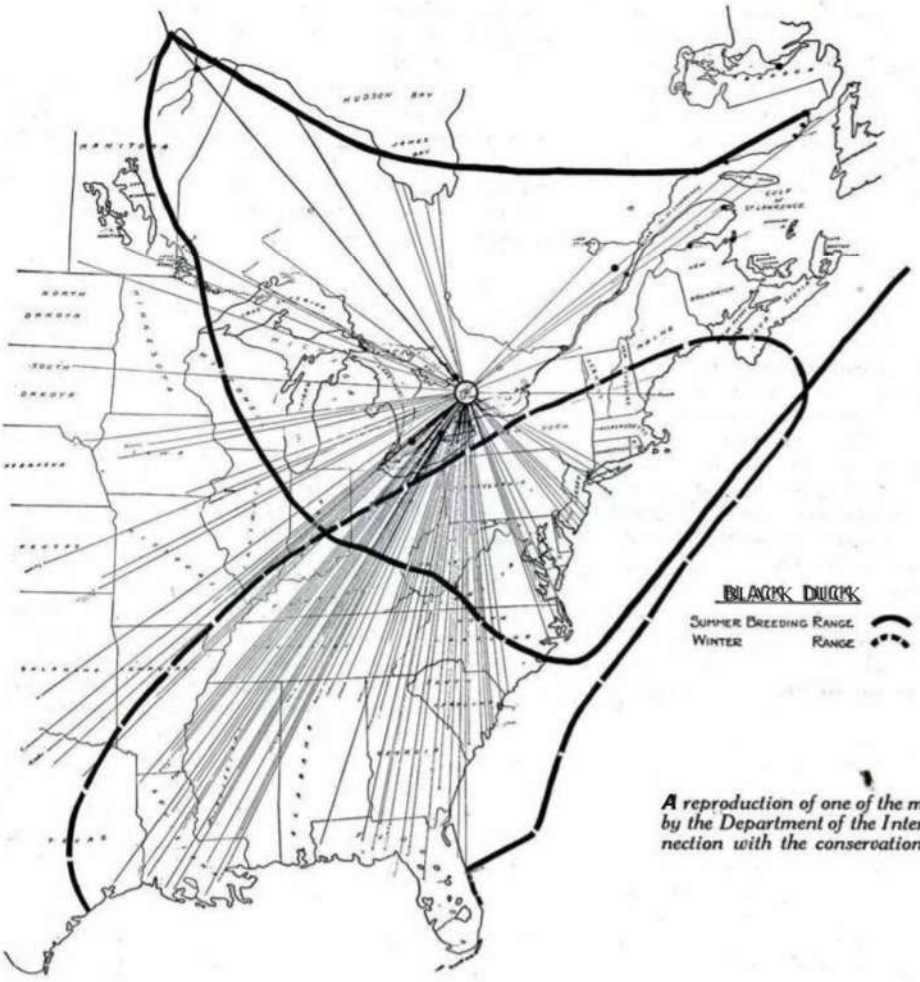


A reproduction of one of the maps issued by the Department of the Interior in connection with the conservation activities.

The Conservation of Wild Bird Life

By
HOYES LLOYD
National Parks Branch
Department of the Interior

Systematic Bird Banding Is Being Done on the North American Continent by the Canadian and American Governments, Which Is Yielding Much Valuable Data

WHEN the birds begin to arrive in the spring, no one can escape from their aesthetic charm or fail to notice their beauty of song and gracefulness of action. Frequently one will hear questions asked, such as "Where have they come from?" "Where do they spend the winter?" "Are these the same birds which nested in the garden last year?" "What is their economic importance to us?" These and many other questions, questions of interest to both casual observer and scientist, can be answered only by what is commonly known as "bird banding." A bird banding station becomes in fact a bird sanctuary, where the birds find food, water and freedom from enemies, where birds congregate and increase. The purpose of the study demands that birds be examined and then released in full vigour, and without injury, so that they may live their full allotted span. Bird banding appeals to the amateur ornithologist as a field in which his observations can be useful, and to the professional as a field in which large series of specimens can be examined in their natural condition. Bird banding treats each bird as an individual, and through it detailed information is gained respecting the individual bird

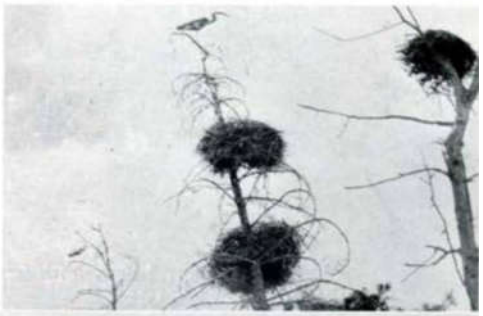
and its life history. This means of bird study does not harm the birds, but rather protects them, thus increasing their numbers, and it is a commendable investigation for those who have sufficient patience and scientific interest in birds to occupy their spare time in trapping, banding and doing the extensive bookkeeping involved in keeping accurate records.

The objective of scientific bird banding, which in North America is being conducted for the most part by voluntary cooperators throughout Canada and the United States, is to gather precise scientific data having a bearing on studies respecting the migration, range, breeding and wintering grounds, mating, longevity and other questions concerning the economic importance of wild birds in their relation to man. This method of studying the general life history and biology of wild birds is producing very gratifying results. The banding of wild birds in North America is an international scientific investigation conducted in full cooperation between the National Parks Service, Department of the Interior, Canada, and the United States Bureau of Biological Survey at Washington, D.C., where the official records for the continent are kept. None but official bands may be placed on wild birds protected under the treaty between Canada and the United States, and individuals carrying on this interesting work in Canada do so under Dominion permit. Full particulars concerning the procedure to be followed in securing a permit of this kind and the manner in which bird banding is being conducted in Canada will, upon request, be supplied by the Commissioner, National Parks of Canada, Department of the Interior, Ottawa, who is in charge of official bird banding records for Canada.

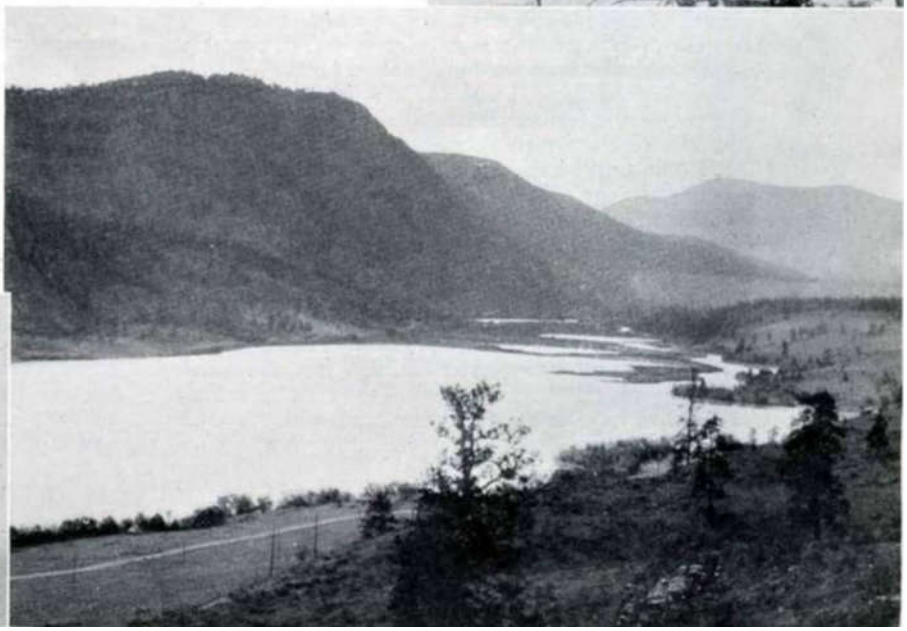
To avoid confusion in the official bird banding records, one set of official bands is being used for the continent, all official bands, which are of aluminium or copper, being inscribed with a series designation, such as "A" or "34-" and a serial number. Some of the older bands used several years ago, however, have only a serial number with no series designation. It is desirable to have persons in Canada who find or take banded birds report the facts to the central bureau for Canada, giving in particular, (1) the number on the band or submit the band itself, after which it will gladly be returned to the sender if desired; (2) the locality in which the bird is found or taken; (3) the date on which the bird is found or taken; and (4) cause of death or manner of capture, if known, and any other remarks of interest. Such reports should be addressed to the Commissioner, National Parks of Canada, Department of the Interior, Ottawa, who will advise persons who report such returns as to when, where, and by whom the birds were banded.

Of particular interest is the data being afforded by the extensive banding of waterfowl. Many thousands of some species of wild waterfowl banded in Canada and the United States are yielding returns which show very clearly the range, migration routes, breeding and wintering grounds, mortality rate, and concentration points, especially for certain species of this important natural resource. Much of the data being gathered in this way is practically indispensable to the ornithologist and conservationist in their various studies of bird life and is invaluable for proper administration of bird protection laws, including those for establishment of bird sanctuaries where they will do the most good. The official records contain much valuable data concerning the dispersal of North American wild waterfowl, and returns from the far north are particularly interesting.

The supply of North American wild waterfowl has been seriously depleted in some areas by various causes: notably, drought in the west, the shortage of eel-grass in the east, fewer breeding and wintering areas because of man's activities, and by overshooting of some species. Considering these points, the importance and necessity of bird sanctuaries becomes apparent, and while many Dominion and provincial, federal and state, municipal and private bird sanctuaries have been established throughout Canada and the United States, no doubt more of these bird havens are required if we are to preserve certain valuable species. Investigations are under way by which [*Continued on Page 66*



Top right: Part of a colony of Great Blue Herons, Ministik Lake Sanctuary. Below: View of North End of Yaseaux Lake Sanctuary, B.C. Left: Part of a Colony of Atlantic Murres at St. Mary's Islands Sanctuary, Quebec. (Photos, Nat'al Parks).



Meat

The Second Episode of a Story of the Government Reindeer Herd, in Which an Ice Path Is Made and Old Jon Conquers the Devils of the Arctic Winter

Illustrations by P. J. EDGAR

By A. R. EVANS

(Just before Christmas in 1929 a herd of 3,000 reindeer began a 2,000-mile journey along the northeastern coast of Alaska. The herd had been purchased by the Canadian Government from the Lomen Reindeer Corporation of Alaska for the purpose of introducing reindeer into Northern Canada where, on account of the scarcity of caribou, the question of food for the Eskimos was becoming serious. Andrew Bahr, a Laplander, was in charge of the herd, and with him on the journey he had a dozen specially trained Lapland and Eskimo helpers.

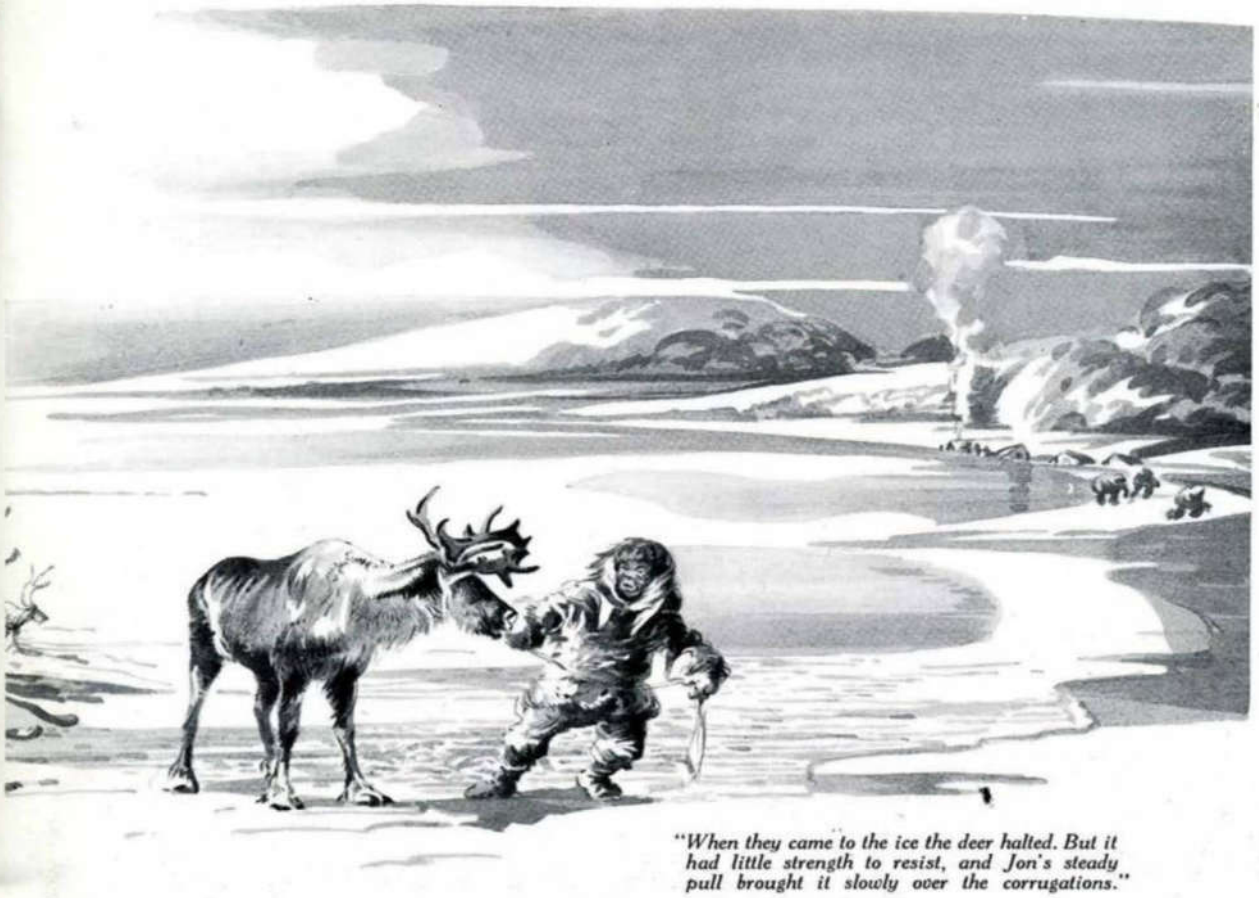
It was anticipated that the trek would end last winter, when the reindeer were to be delivered into the 6,000 square mile reserve stretching from the mouth of the Mackenzie river eastward to the Eskimo Lakes, but word was received in Ottawa that glare ice, such as is described in this story, had held up the herd and that the trek would not be ended until later this year.

Mr. A. R. Evans has written a story around this epic incident in the Government's care of its Eskimo people. The second article of the series appears below.—Ed.)

THAT night Lapps, Eskimo, reindeer and dogs camped on an island. Whether the island lay in the mouth of a great river or in an arm of the sea they could not tell. In the night Jon was restless. He unfastened the tent flap and looked out. The wind was rising; he could feel the hard snow sifting along the surface. Leaning against the wind, Jon made his way to the south side of the island. The deer were quiet, all facing the wind and motionless like statues of deer.

Still the wind blew. After midnight its speed became terrific. The tents strained seaward and spare poles were suddenly propped on the north side of all the tents. It was hard to know when morning came. The sifting snow had now been lifted and filled the air with its rushing frenzy. The snow had a wild longing for the great sea, which it could not seem to reach fast enough. A greyness, which seemed to have hardly any light, filtered through the rushing air.

Jon listened in his tent. This was not the usual storm gale, not a succession of mighty blasts with intermissions between. The valley was a vast funnel through which the gathered mountain winds poured themselves out to sea. It was a river of wind, never ceasing for an instant; no varying voices, only that single roaring note. Jon fought his way to the deer again. No time must be lost in moving from the path of this pitiless torrent of wind. He knew that not far eastward loomed the shelter of great shadowy hills. When he came among the reindeer he could see hundreds and hundreds of them close together, all braced against the terrible rush of wind. They must be moved at once from these barren rocks to their moss pasture on the mainland. The other men pressed themselves down to the shore and waited Jon's command. Then a strange thing happened: almost at once there was no more wind. Like water poured from a kettle, the supply of wind was suddenly ended. The men looked at each other in amazement; then they looked seaward. They could still hear the rush of air; they could see the storm swirls



"When they came to the ice the deer halted. But it had little strength to resist, and Jon's steady pull brought it slowly over the corrugations."

rushing out over the endless, frozen sea. Then the last mutterings rolled away; the last storm whispers died far off into that dim and terrible region that no man knows.

The animals were looking across at the vague outlines of mainland hills where pasture might lie. Between stretched a smooth floor of ice swept free of all snow and polished by the mighty wind. The deer on the lower edge of the herd made cautious, experimental trials of the ice and drew back again to the rocks. Then the milling of the great herd as they crowded down the slope forced the nearest reindeer out on the ice floor. Hoofs began to slip and rattle as they made frantic efforts to stand. As one deer touched another, they lost their precarious balance and went crashing to the ice. Sometimes the slightest movement brought them down hard on the treacherous surface. Some were quiet, lying just as they fell, others struggled frantically to rise again. As they struggled they brought down others near them. Jon was sure he could hear the slight snapping of leg bones. All efforts to advance were halted at once.

The deer that had fallen were skidded along on the glassy surface until they reached the rocks. Some struggled; some were passive and strangely quiet. All but seven slowly mingled again with the herd on the rocks. Akla went to his tent for the killing knife; the seven with broken legs could be used to replenish the food supply. Sadly pondering their great problem, the men slowly retreated to the tents. Carefully closing the flaps, they sat down to think. All lives, the very existence of the great herd itself, hung on their thought. There must be something.

In the stillness that followed the wake of the wind came the cold—the bitter cold that enters between tent folds, that creeps down the wrists of mittens, that steals through the dried grass of boots and pierces the tightest sleeping bag. The stars glittered with such frozen brilliance they seemed about to split into countless shattered fragments. As the cold grew with the darkness, the fitful sleepers started up in terror at the loud ice noises. A cannon-like report beginning at the edge of the island ran with a great riving roar far out through the tortured ice. Terrifying hollow groans at great distance rushed with splitting speed toward the camp. Sometimes the deep cracklings shot off at a sudden angle, the vibrations echoing farther and farther away, becoming eerie whispers among the hills.

The Eskimos were awake. Never had they heard such loud, insistent summoning from the Dark Spirits. Kaas had been right. There had been too much clamour, too much attention paid to the ways and goods of White Chiefs and Lapps. The ancient spirits had been neglected. The Great Ones were slow but inexorable. Kaas continued to mutter strange words that none understood. His eyes

were closed; he seemed unconscious of earthly things. The others were motionless and speechless, fearful of attracting the notice of the invisible menace without.

The very rocks and ribs of the earth beneath split with terrifying sounds. They had no natural explanations of porous rock, of moisture absorption and the unbelievable power of frost expansion. The foundations of the stable earth cracked and groaned beneath the invisible onslaught. Even the Lapps were impressed, remembering many a long forgotten winter's tale. The hollow splitting ice sounds caused a restless movement of the herd. But there was no place to go, and no way of escape over the slippery floor.

At last it was Pehr who thought of the way of escape. He made his way to Jon's tent and they murmured together. Pehr's way was the only way. All the men, Lapp and Eskimo alike, were summoned. Each man must take an axe, a strong axe of the White Chiefs. The Eskimos hesitated, still under the spell of fear; but Jon's command and Jon's eyes were sharp and threatening. Soon they were all assembled. The ice still opened with terrible noises, the great cracks splitting to the distant shore.

Then the men began. There could be no waiting for the feeble morning light; time was all important. Chipping, chipping, chipping, they went on endlessly, tirelessly. Parallel to the shore line they began the corrugations, hundreds and hundreds and thousands and thousands of shallow parallel nickings in the ice, making a narrow rough-surfaced path from island to mainland. Over this ruffled path the thousands of hard hoofs might find a hold. The men worked steadily chipping out the long nicks. When they had gone far enough they turned suddenly and began chipping their way back again. Ice chips flew everywhere, spattering the men as they toiled on and on. The mainland shore seemed hopelessly distant, but it was the only way.

Jon was tireless, relentless, everywhere. By early morning he had the women astir in all the tents. Meat pots were boiling, tea brewed for the Eskimos and coffee steamed for the Lapps. When all was ready Jon shouted to the men. They straightened their bent backs and made their way over the corrugations. Already they were a little distance from the island, a discouragingly little distance. But there could be no dallying, no endless smoking of pipes. Soon the men were back and the clinking of chopped ice began again.

Only the direst necessity could conceive such a task. Like a measuring worm their progress was by inches. Snow, which so often delayed them, now stubbornly refused to fall. Only the cold—more intense, bitter, clear and persistent—never left them for an instant. Far to the southeast a luminous arc grew at noontime, only to die away. Even the sun refused to aid in such a hopeless work. Jon himself seized an axe and chopped with a frenzied energy. The men were hardly conscious of night or day, only of bent backs, of bombardment of ice chips, of brief intervals for food and rest. It seemed their stiff, cold bodies were hardly settled before the call came to face frost and darkness again and yet again. Once Kult failed to appear and Jon went after him. What happened in Kult's tent was never known, but Kult chopped more ice furrows than ever before. The men were too tired to talk. They worked on, side by side, like shadowy spectres in a twilight world. They could not remember when their task had started; they had no hope of it ever ending. They were spirits condemned to everlasting labour in an inferno of perpetual ice. Their world was ice, they breathed ice, and in the brief intervals of rest they kept on cutting ice even in their sleep.

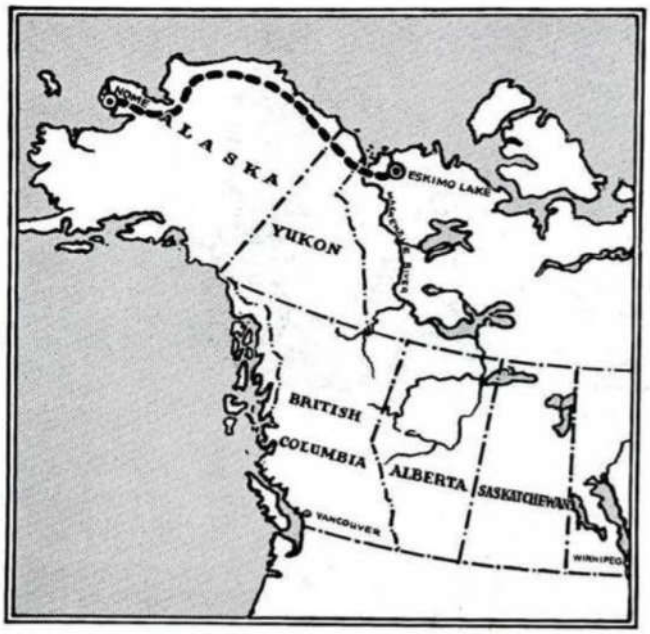
The men were but a means to an end, and the reindeer were that end. If the men were driven beyond belief, it was for the saving of the herd, which meant the lives of countless humans in some far distant future. Only Jon had a grasp of the whole plan. Only Jon felt the full weight of responsibility as he snatched time to inspect the reindeer. Daily he went to see them, and daily he feared what he might see. Yet he was irresistibly drawn to them despite his fears. How thin they were—how appallingly thin! It was sad just to look at them, to see their mild, round eyes gazing with such longing towards the hills. When Jon walked among them they did not move away as usual. They did not move at all, only turning their heads to look at him with such sorrowful questioning that Jon rushed from them. Out on the ice path he worked with such terrible frenzy the others shrank from him as from a strange super-being.

Then came a night of lights. Long after the grey twilight of midday had faded the brightness began. A luminous glow like sunrise shimmered low in the sky. But it was not sunrise. It began in the mysterious north behind the frozen sea from whence the black storms came—the home of the Sightless Spirit who strove against the sun. The glow widened and sent bright tentacles feeling their way higher and higher up between the stars. The tentacles became ribbons and banners waving and folding and floating in a maze of coloured convolutions. The streamers shot to the top of the sky, glowing and weaving in weird fantasy, outshining the stars; then becoming so thin the stars twinkled through the gauzy curtain.

When the red curtain moved as if fluttered by a soundless sky wind the workers paused to gaze. The intense glow reflected a pale light from the smooth ice surface. The men were like black ants against a camp-fire of sky spirits. Lapps and Eskimos had watched these wavering fires for many winters, but never had the fires dropped so close to

earth before. Those who watched felt as if they must hear the rush and crackle of the dancing tongues. Tapik and Kult closed their eyes to the fiery spears, which they expected momentarily to touch and annihilate them. Kaas moved his lips soundlessly in supplications. Even the Lapps were affected, casting timid, sidelong glances skyward as if not daring to face the full glory of the North.

Then the fires faded, withdrawing their vast streamers and retreating swiftly into the mystery of their dwelling place. When the sky was almost dark again, the men heard Jon coming from the herd, and the sound of the endless chipping began once more.



When the path was cut more than half way across, the tents were moved to the mainland. It was better so; there was a safer feeling among the hills. On the last day there was no let up for the choppers. The women brought the boiled meat across the narrow bit of uncut ice and the men ate rapidly as they stood. Then the axes clinked again. They neared the shore, and on and on they laboured into the night. They felt they could stand no longer; but Jon was everywhere, grim and unsparing. The weaker reindeer had begun to drop. The men were past feeling, numb with cold and fatigue. They could not feel their hands on the handles of the axes; but still the axes rose and fell—the endless, automatic axes.

When the last inch was done the choppers dropped where they stood. The women were huddled together waiting for them. The men could not let go of their axes; their hands seemed clasped in an everlasting grip. The women, helping each other, dragged men and axes into tent and igloo. For them the terrible labour was ended.

But not for Jon. Waiting for no one he gathered the herd dogs and started back over the ice path. The dogs were alert and eager from their long rest. Jon moved on under the frozen-tipped stars to the treacherous island that had lured him with the promise of a camping place. Every hour was precious; already he knew the weaker reindeer could not stand. When he reached the animals, he felt their great silent welcome. It seemed to Jon that in some way they knew he would not really desert them. As he passed behind them, they turned their heads to watch him.

When the dogs slowly circled the herd, the deer knew they were to move again. All their movements were slow and stiff. Such hollows were in their sides! Jon tried not to look at them. For a long time he had planned just what he must do. He would lasso an old driver and lead it out on the middle of the ice path. The others, with the dogs behind them, would follow. Jon hardly needed a lasso. When he caught the deer it did not plunge and dash wildly as usual. After a few uncertain steps, it stopped. When Jon fixed the loop over its antlers and was ready, the deer moved with him, so docile and slow it was pathetic. Jon could feel hardly any tug at the end of his line.

When they came to the ice the deer halted. But it had little strength to resist, and Jon's steady pull brought it slowly over the corrugations. Those on the edge of the ice, crowded by the herd behind, began to follow. It was a strange star-lit procession, slowly lengthening across the great floor. When a deer stepped too close to the edge of the chopped path and felt the slippery ice beyond, it drew back. Sometimes a slight push from those behind or from those on the inside of the path sent an unfortunate deer sprawling on the smooth ice outside. There followed a feeble struggle to stand upright again. Not often could a deer, once down, regain the corrugations. But Jon did not expect to save them all. Yet it was sad to pass on and leave even a few. They tried so hard and looked with such longing after the others and towards the hills not far away!

On and on they went with almost imperceptible movement over the silent field. The hope of the long trek, the life of far tribes and other times, the great plan of the White Chiefs—all this and even more crept on through the night. Jon had not failed; not quite. Yet disaster had been so close that he was worn with the strain of it. As he neared the mainland shore, he felt his strength slipping from him. But he had kept the faith; he staggered on.

Pehr came down to the shore to meet him—Pehr who had dropped from endless labour and was the first to revive. Without a word he took the line from Jon's failing hands. Pehr marched on with the lead reindeer toward a valley of thick moss. Jon stumbled, groping like a blind man. Perhaps he was dreaming and would soon waken to seize his axe and cut ice again. Would the herd live until the path was finished? But somewhere—it seemed in another part of his mind—there was a persistent, exulting cry: Safe! Safe! Safe! Jon felt the flap of his tent and fell inside.

Orderly Panic or Chaotic Cosmos

By GERALDINE REARDON
Winnipeg Store

Being a Spirited Description of the Preparation of a Page of Department Store Advertising

ADVERTISING, at its best, is the most thankless job in the store. If an ad. "pulls" and puts a department over the top, the buyer for that department is a visionary, a sagacious and wise planner, a good merchandiser, and generally the "white haired boy."

If an ad. doesn't "pull," then it wasn't given enough space; the copy was rotten; the cuts didn't do justice to the merchandise; the set-up was cockeyed; the proof-readers must have been out on a binge.

But never, no, never, could the merchandise be untimely; the price wrong; the buyer have failed to return his proof properly checked; the merchandise unattractively displayed or the weather miserable.

The intimation here being that nobody *ever* is guilty of a mistake or a miscalculation but the advertising staff.

Look in on a bit of a day in an advertising office . . . . .

The first and foremost duty, that brooks no delay, is getting that day's run of the paper "put to bed." This entails last proof reading, checking against departmental proofs, searching for typographical errors, checking prices and making sure that the cuts are in or on their way to the paper.

A near-panic ensues when some buyer decides to change his entire ad. just when the page is ready to be sent to the papers. This means new lay-out on that spot, new copy, mad scramble for a suitable cut, plenty sub-rosa cussing and—audible sighs.

Then to the business of the day . . . .

General huddle around the advertising manager of lay-out men, copy writers, artists, page planners (called visualizers, to add a little more confusion). During—but more often *after*—the lay-out has been made, someone from the merchandise office bursts in with an irate buyer who wants the top spot to put over a big soap sale, while they're giving it to the lingerie buyer to sell fig-leaf panties in midwinter. If the soap buyer can prove that the army of the great unwashed is larger by far than the number of the city daughters who have gone "Eve" he gets the space, while the lingerie buyer bursts into tears and loudly bemoans the fact that her efforts to make the "city gals" fashion-conscious are wasted.

The unnerved, but undaunted, copy writers then slink off to their particular holes and hope the Muse will do well by them.

Someone sighs for an "inspiration," and a companion nit-wit suggests that the only place in the vicinity it might be found is the dictionary.

The can-opener buyer drops in and wants the best spot for his wares. You show him the soap set-up. When you finally convince him that evidentally "cleanliness *is* next to godliness," he agrees to a compromise. So you promise to put a dimpled baby into his ad. to catch the eye of romantic brides.

The rug buyer barges in to demand the best spot. You argue that it isn't a home furnishings page, but you'll give him a break and set him up beside the can-opener business (the idea being to say anything agreeable, but say it quick and make it stick).

A display man breaks in and wants an idea for a window background and wants it *now!*

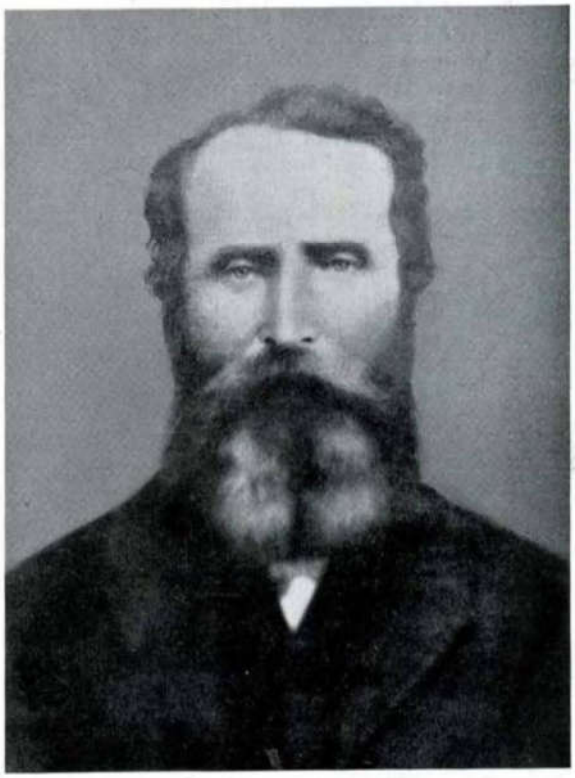
A card writer insists the boys are whittling, because there are no window card write-ups on which they can start.

[*Continued on Page 66*

Alexander Hunter Murray

By
MARTHA MUNGER BLACK, F.R.G.S.

Murray was the Company's and the Empire's pioneer in the Yukon ninety years ago. His journals, sketches and scientific records are among the most refreshing items in fur trade history. Mrs. Black, the writer of this article, is the wife of Hon. George Black, K.C., Speaker of the Canadian House of Commons and member of parliament for the Yukon Territory since 1921.



Alexander Hunter Murray, Artist, Explorer and Fur Trader

I AM often asked to tell tales of the old Yukon, of its first adventures and adventurers, because, forsooth, I am an "old-timer." I may not be as young as I once was, but my memories scarcely go back to the beginning of the nineteenth century. Alex MacDonald, "King of the Klondike"; Ogilvie, Yukon's first commissioner; Walsh, of the Royal Mounted; and Skiff Mitchell, of Eldorado; these were my contemporaries. Old-timers! Why, we were moderns, parvenues, as compared with the true old-timers of the Yukon—Mackenzie, Fraser, Campbell, Murdock McPherson, Murray, and men of that ilk.

They were a deal more than rough-necks and sour-doughs. There was no dough to ferment in those days—not along the turbulent waters of the Yukon. Meat, green, smoked and dried fish, tea and tobacco—that was the grub of traders, who, before they could trade, had first to explore and map out the country, virgin territory. How their ghosts would laugh if we posed as old-timers!

Now, there was one of these men who is of particular interest to me because he was one of the first white men to descend the Porcupine to the Yukon, the first Britisher to build a fort on the river and make contact with the Indians of that region. I refer to Alexander Hunter Murray. He also interests me because he might be called the original Yukoner and left a journal of his experiences in what, for the last thirty-six years, has been my own particular stamping ground. I know the muskegs, barrens, mountains and rapids that he describes. I can appreciate the hardships he encountered before the days of pack-horses, steamboats, aeroplanes; yes and even mosquito nets. It may have been all in the day's work, under orders, as part of his job, but it was heroic none the less. His memory deserves to be kept alive among the men of the North.

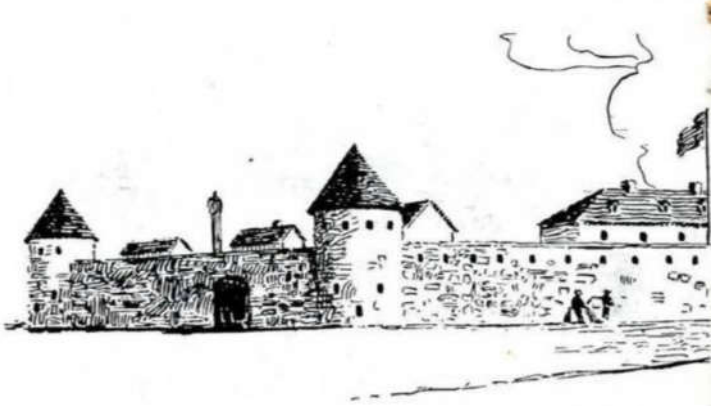
Like so many clerks and factors who have opened up and developed the northern half of the continent, enriched their employers and covered the wealthier women of Europe with furs, Murray was a Scotsman born and bred. Emigrating to the United States as a young man, he first entered the service of the American Fur Company, and in the course of his business wandered over a large part of the southern states, acquiring experience and probably much adventure. In the spring of 1846, however, he struck north from the Missouri to Fort Garry and changed his allegiance to the all-powerful Hudson's Bay Company as senior clerk. Appointed to the Mackenzie River district, under Chief Factor Murdoch McPherson, he started on his long arduous journey via the Churchill, Athabasca, Slave and Mackenzie to Fort Simpson. Somewhere en route he met the daughter of Chief Trader Colin Campbell, of the Athabasca district, and after a brief courtship they were married, with the assistance of McPherson and a Bible. The rest of the journey down the Mackenzie and up Peel river to Fort McPherson constituted their honeymoon. After wintering there, Murray took his wife over the mountains to Lapierre House, of Bell river. There he left her as he started westward on his most important mission—the planting of a fort on the Yukon.

Now a trader was expected to keep his chief informed of all incidents appertaining to the Company's business. Sometimes this was done through letters, sometimes by the keeping of a daily log, as at sea. In this case Murray was asked "for a full and particular account of M. Yonom," meaning "the Youcon" (his spelling is not of the best). He obeyed so efficiently that the reader is apt to grow discouraged while wading through the multiplicity of details and miss the salient features. I will endeavour to avoid his weakness.

In a boat built at Lapierre House by "Inkstir, the boat builder," and named "Pioneer," manned by British servants, French-Canadian voyageurs and Indians, he started down Bell river on June 18, 1847. Being a stickler for facts and figures, he undertook to take bearings of every twist and turn in the river, and in consequence the first few pages of his "journal" look like pages from Euclid, and are little more exciting. That it got on his own nerves at times is obvious. At one point, he writes: "Plenty of geese were seen, but, fond as I am of shooting, I was forced to lay my gun aside, my attention being solely occupied with my log, owing to the confounded short turns of the river." The next day he met a party of Yukon Indians, who, after exchanging their dried meat for ammunition and tobacco, commenced one of their interminable dances. The "pioneers" left them "going it" on the bank and sailed out on to the Porcupine.

Two days later, they enter the country of the "Vanta Kootchin" (men of the lake), "a band of about eighty first rate fellows for the whites," and, according to Murray's reckoning, they have crossed the boundary into Russian Alaska, although in fact they are still fifty miles from it.

On June 22, they enter the narrow turbulent stretch called the Ramparts, and thrill with the peril and excitement of running the rapids. At last, on the 25th, they come to the confluence of the Porcupine and Yukon, only to have the glory of the day hopelessly marred by mosquitoes. Poor Murray cries: "I have been in the swamps of Lake Ponchartrain and the Balize, along the Red river (Texas) and most parts of that Gullinipper country, but never experienced anything like this; we could neither speak nor breathe without our mouths being filled with them; close your eyes and you had fast half a dozen. Fires were lit all around, but of no avail." I assure you this was no exaggeration, as all of us who have followed him know. W.

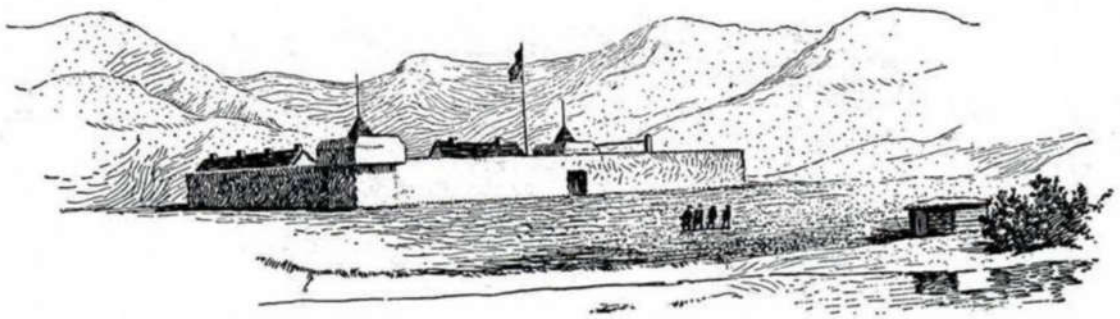


Upper Fort Garry, Where A. H. Murray Entered the Service of Hudson's

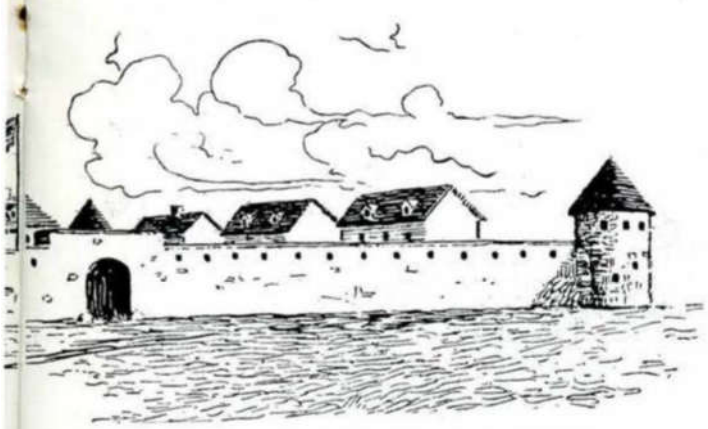
W. Kirby, who journeyed from Lapierre House to the mouth of Bell river about 1860, says that he encountered "myriads of the most voracious mosquitos that I have met with in the country." Frederick Schwatka, exploring the Yukon river in 1883 from its source to its mouth, seemed to find the mosquito the one foe he could not vanquish. Crossing portages, he was constantly surrounded by what he termed "a regular down-east fog" of the pests, which wore down nerves and body, while when he was repairing a raft "they became simply fiendish." He says that he knows that native dogs are killed by mosquitos, and that even grizzlies have succumbed to their attacks by being blinded and driven into a marsh.

As for my own experience in the summer of 1898, we were blessed with head netting and lotions, but despite those protections we were far from immune and often suffered hell from the pests. I have lain in my tent, kept awake for hours by a noise like hail as the mosquitos beat against the canvas walls. I too can vouch for the fact that animals, particularly caribou, are often driven to desperation, and even self-destruction by this merciless foe.

To return to Murray: His first impression of the Yukon, perhaps due to "the damned mosquitos," was "anything but favourable." "As far as we had come (two and a quarter miles) I never saw an uglier river." Needless to say, this was only the lowlands of the middle stretches—he had not seen the magnificent battlements and vistas of the



Fort Pierre, Dakota, an Eighteenth Century American Fur Company Post. From the Original Drawing by A. H. Murray



Bay Company in 1846. From the Original Drawing by A. H. Murray

lower river. However, he picked on a dry ridge that he thought would be a suitable site for the fort.

It was now that he began to glean specific news of his dreaded rivals, the Russians. A party of Indians came in who had had some dealings with the Russians, and they described how these were all well armed with pistols and were abundantly supplied with "beads, kettles, guns, powder, knives and pipes and traded all the furs from the bands, principally for beads and knives, after which they traded dogs."

But, more alarming to Murray, the Russians expected to arrive soon, having promised to come up with two boats not only to trade but to explore the river to its source. Believing that he was on their territory, "this was not very agreeable news" to him, and he decided to keep a sharp lookout in case of surprise. The idea of retreating never crossed his mind. He had already discovered that the district was well stocked with fur-bearing animals, particularly beaver, and was the hunting ground of many Indians whose allegiance he thought he could win.

He gathered the natives about him and "spechifying," as he calls it, was carried on with great seriousness, intermixed with blandishments, boasts and bribery. Briefly, he told them that his party was very different from the "whites" farther down the river, who "only came once a year to take away their furs, and cheat them with useless goods;" that they (the English) intended to build a permanent fort amongst them, would supply them with guns at twenty beaver each instead of the twenty-five and thirty they had been giving other natives, and the same quantity of beads for six beaver as the other had for twelve and fifteen. As was to be expected, the new trader's words had their effect, and the Indians promised to bring in future all their furs to him. Not long after, however, they forgot their promise and took a large quantity of furs to the Russians.

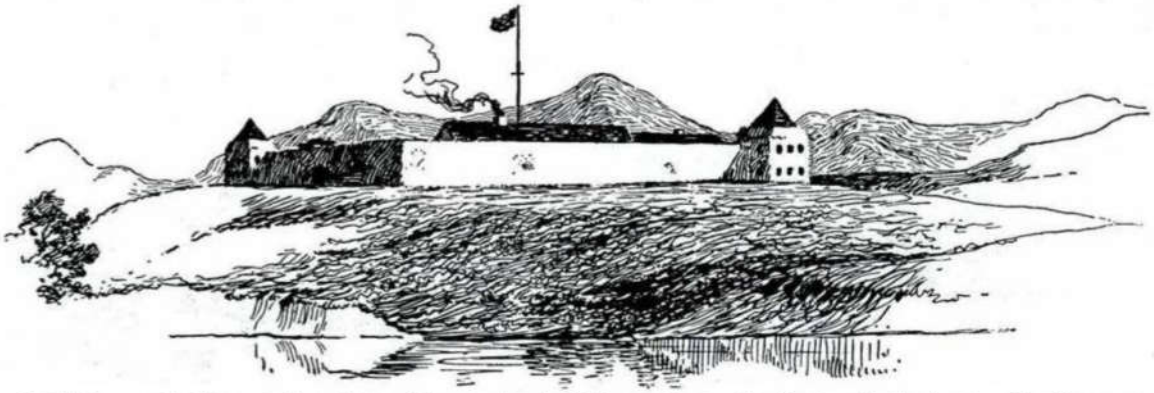
The talking disposed of, the fort building began in earnest. Having already formed great ideas of the country, says Murray, "I have determined on building a fort worthy of it." It was also to be worthy of the possible foes, both white and red, who surrounded him. So the stores and dwellings were made of solid timbers, the pickets walling them in were not mere "pointed poles or slabs, but good-sized trees dispossessed of their bark and squared on two sides to fit closely and fourteen and a half feet in height above ground, three feet under ground. The bastions will be made as strong as possible, roomy and convenient. When all this is finished, the Russians may advance when they damn please," he declares.

While this work was going forward, the party resided in cabins constructed of willow poles and bark, and, according to Murray, it was a pleasant encampment, despite the fact, as he confesses, that "it was built on the Sabbath day."

On July first, a few potatoes were planted—Yukon's first garden patch; while now, on this very site, Fort Yukon (in Alaskan territory) boasts of a most modern and up-to-date hospital surrounded by fine gardens.

This month, Murray records, was oppressively warm, and he would have scarcely credited it if he had been told that "on the banks of the Youcon, not far from the Arctic Circle, the thermometer was at two o'clock on the afternoon of July tenth 90 degrees above zero."

It is a fortunate thing for those who live in that country now that potatoes, carrots, turnips, celery, lettuce, radishes, onions, cauliflower and other vegetables grow to maturity during the three-months summer, when it is practically all daylight. Far back in the spring of '99, when the first scow



Fort Union, on the Missouri. From Original Drawing by A. H. Murray During His Service with the American Fur Company

load of fresh vegetables and fruit landed at Dawson, I paid as much as one dollar for one spud.

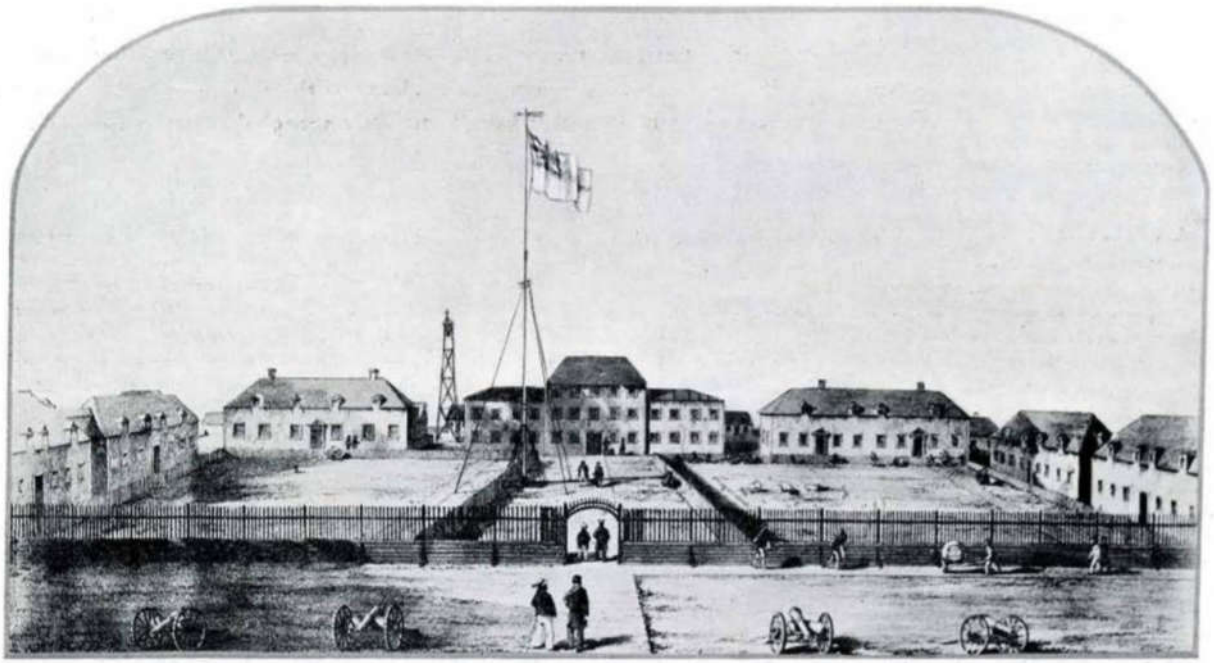
Much of the journal from now on deals with hunting and fishing, descriptions of the tribes that come to trade, their customs and dress. The life at the fort ran smoothly enough, and Murray might never have found a complaint if it had not been for that one big bad wolf, the Russians. As it was, the Russians created a dark cloud on the horizon that he could never long forget. Every little while his peace is rudely disturbed by hearing that his rivals have out-talked him with this band or that and stolen his trade, or that they have moved farther up river and may pay him a call any day. He writes McPherson that he "was accustomed to the strongest kind of opposition" while in the south, and he likes nothing better than a row, but he is exasperated at not having enough and the right goods with which to compete. Also, lacking instructions, he was in a quandary as to how he should act in the event of their coming. "They may order us to leave the country; perhaps try and force us from it, should we persist in remaining; and I should be very sorry to involve the Company in any difficulty with our Russian neighbours," he says; while at the same time he is determined to "keep good our footing" until he hears to the contrary. However, perhaps more fortunate than Samuel Hearne at Prince of Wales Fort, he and his fort are not put to the test. On June 5, nearly a year since leaving Lapierre House, he starts back to rejoin his wife, arriving there and closing his journal on June 23.

An outline of Murray's subsequent career was gathered from Roderick MacFarlane, chief factor at Winnipeg, by Lawrence J. Burpee, editor of the journal. It seems that the same year Murray returned to Fort Yukon with his wife, in 1850 went to Lapierre House, the next year to Fort Simpson. In 1852 he was back at Fort Garry, richer now by several children. For several years he had charge of Fort Pembina (now Emerson), after which he was appointed to the management of the district of Lac la Pluie, or Rainy lake, and Swan river. Returning to Pembina he was promoted to a chief tradership in 1856. Soon after he paid a visit to the land of his birth, where, strangely enough, he met Joseph James Hargrave, who a few years later was himself to become a resident of Fort Garry and renew the friendship. After several seasons in charge of Fort Garry, Murray retired from the service of the Company, spending the remaining years of his life on the banks of Red river. He died in 1874.

To those of us who have crossed the Chilkoot Pass and "braved the (so-called) perils" of the trail of '98, the modest accounts given by those early pioneers of the "English Company" cause us to blush for much of the modern fiction that would make heroes of the rawest Chechakoes.

Our invasion was a Cook's tour by comparison. We had ample and warm clothing, modern camp bedding, while our grub was wholesome and fairly varied—an epicure's diet as compared with that of Murray's.

While it is true that the Hudson's Bay Company thought only in terms of fur and discouraged general development and prospecting for gold, yet it is due to the indomitable and pioneer spirit of its factors and employees that the trails were blazed to the great discoveries that brought about the gold rush and made the Yukon a byword for romance and adventure.



York Factory, the Great Supply Depot of the Hudson's Bay Company on Hudson Bay. From a Drawing Made by A. H. Murray

Lower Fort Garry

One of the Most Perfect Surviving Symbols of Last Century's Fur Trade Empire of Western Canada, Lower Fort Garry, with Its Lawns and Flower Beds, Is Now the Colourful Retreat of the Winnipeg Motor Country Club

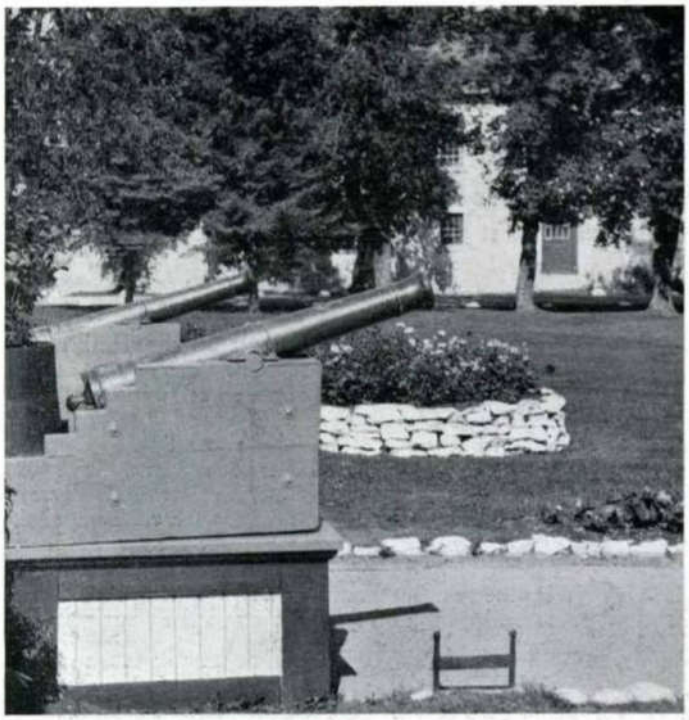
A HUNDRED and four years ago in the council chamber at Norway House, it was resolved to build a fort at the rapids of the Red river.

Stone was quarried, shaped and drawn by winter along the frozen river, and during long summer days there arose on the river bank dwellings and store houses, then bastions and walls.

Later within these walls strode men—deep chested, lean men—tempered in mind and body by the Canadian wilderness. On the lawns, now dedicated to summer leisure, voyageurs from Hudson Bay and the Mackenzie, from the Pacific and the valley of the St. Lawrence, sprawled in their brief interludes of idleness. In winter, with shouts and barking, dog-teams assembled.

Bugle calls, the tramp of the Queen's troops and the clatter of cavalry, all these have been echoed back by the walls, walls which, guiltless of blood, served a nation's purpose—their very presence giving security to the colony of the Red river. Anarchy reigned. Upper Fort Garry was seized by rebels, property was confiscated, and loyal subjects of the Queen were imprisoned. In August of 1870 two men met on the river bank—Donald Smith, later to be Lord Strathcona and Governor of the Company, and Colonel Sir Garnet Wolseley. The next day came boats filled with soldiers, their uniforms worn after their forced journey from Eastern Canada. A pause for a meal, then on to Winnipeg on horseback and in creaking Red River carts, slipping and floundering in the pouring rain, only to find Riel had flown.

Within the residence were planned some of the greatest projects of the Company; there Sir George Simpson and Dr. John Rae pored over the meagre Arctic maps to plan the search for Franklin. To Murray, Christie, Sinclair, Macfarlane, Flett, and scores of others, it was home. And in the mellower

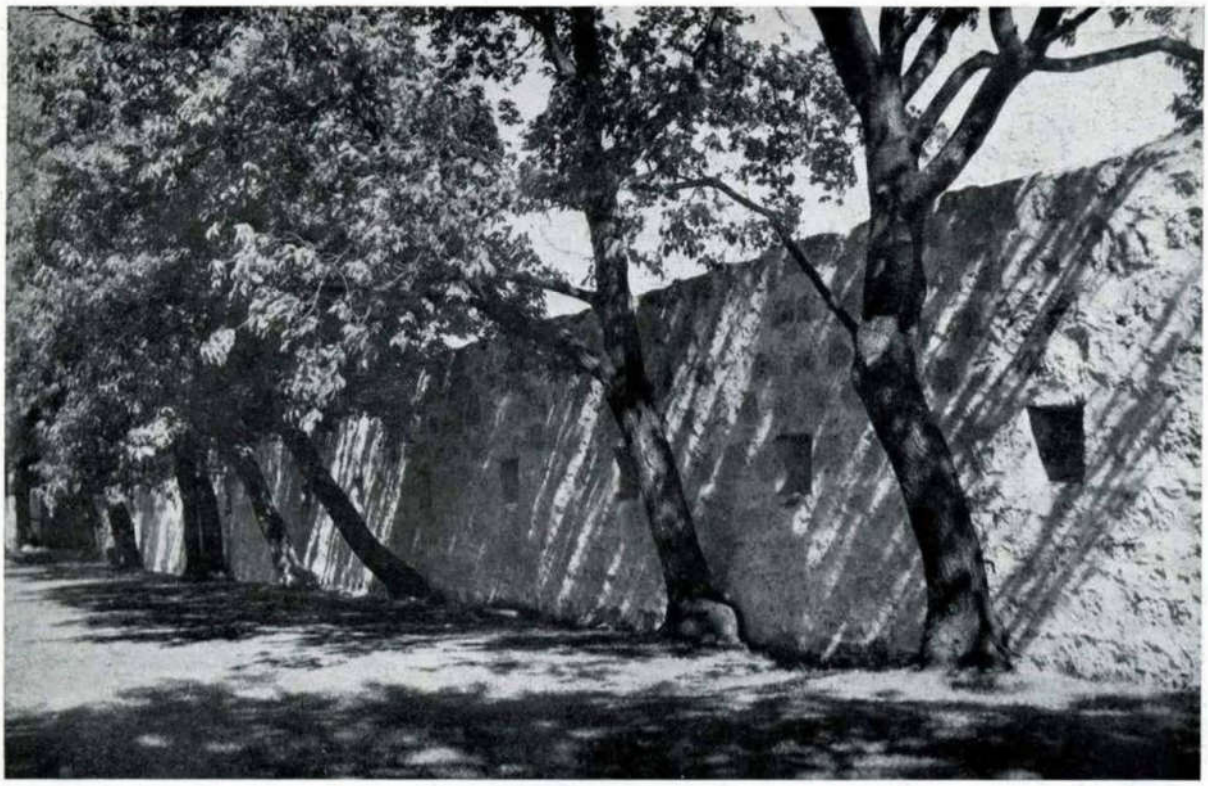


Side: The old guns point towards the river gate from the residence steps, today the club house of the Motor Country Club.

Top: Well kept lawns and shady trees, flower beds and gravel paths, where once fur traders walked and dog-teams loaded up.

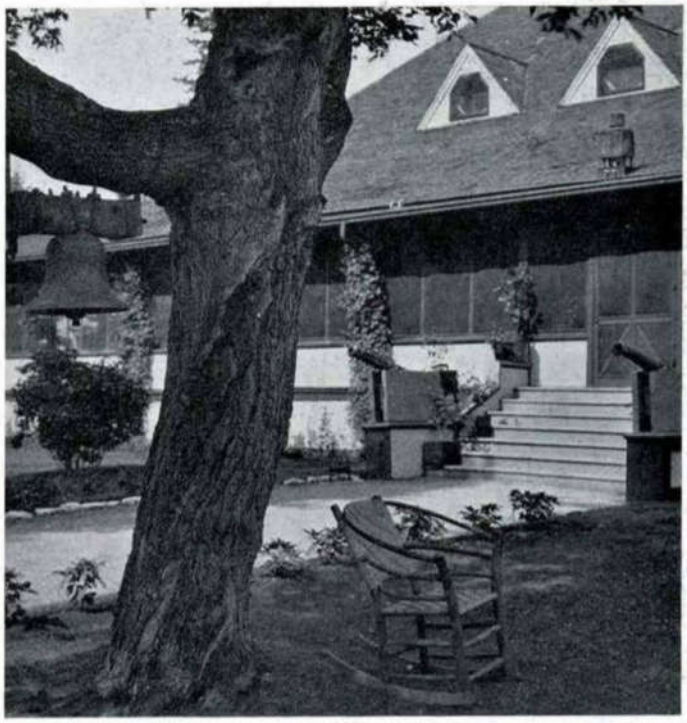
Summer, summer, summer!
Soundless footsteps on the grass.

—Galsworthy



Top: The limestone walls, monument to a Scottish builder, are three feet thick; five years' labour of a hundred years ago.

Side: The passing of the hours, births, marriages and deaths were all rung out on the bell hanging near the residence door.



years the families of the Fur Trade found the summer pleasant at the Lower Fort. To many scattered throughout the world today the earliest memory of childhood play is bound up with white walls and bastions. Today the fort is one of the beautifully complete symbols of the Fur Trade empire — a vigorous and enduring monument of other days and other ways. We need not be blind worshippers of "good old times" to feel the spell of age and to taste the flavour of adventure.

Sir George Simpson at Lachine

By
CLIFFORD P. WILSON
Montreal

The first of a series of articles on Sir George Simpson and the Montreal headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company. The author of these articles has done much research in the archives of churches in the Province of Quebec and of the City of Montreal, producing unpublished material on this famous Scottish monarch of the fur trade monopoly.

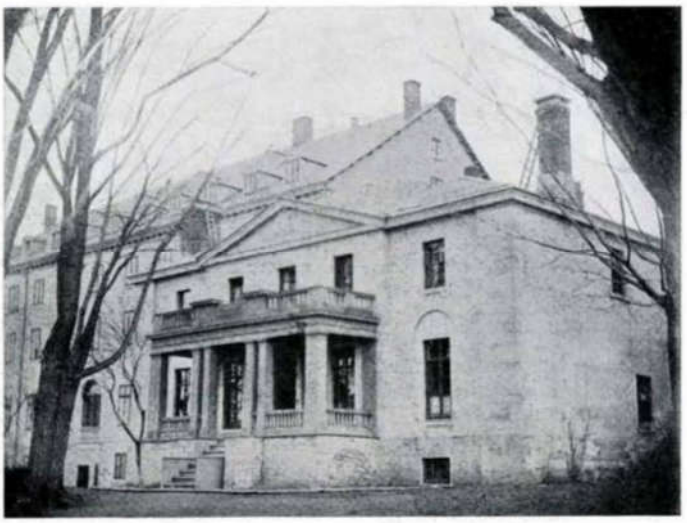
Sir George Simpson, by Stephen Pearce. Presented to the Company by His Chief Officers

WHEN the Hudson's Bay Company amalgamated with the North-West Company in 1821, they found it advantageous to adopt a number of the well established practices of the Montreal firm which had been in use for some thirty-five years. One of these was the admission of field officers (chief factors and chief traders) to partnership in the concern. Another was the holding of an annual summer council for the Canadian partners. And a third was the utilization of the long established trade route from the fur countries to Lachine and Montreal.

Before the coalition, all the Hudson's Bay Company's traffic from the Lake Winnipeg region to Europe had been routed through the Bay. This was, of course, shorter than the southern route through the Great Lakes to Montreal; but the latter had been in constant use for a great many years and had many advantages over the newer one.

These advantages the new governor, George Simpson, was quick to see; but it was not until six or seven years after the amalgamation that he could begin to make full use of them. In November 1820, when he was putting in his first winter on this side of the Atlantic, he was appointed acting resident governor to replace Governor William Williams, who was under indictment at the time in

the courts of Lower Canada. Next year, when the coalition took place he was appointed joint resident governor with the older man, Williams taking the southern and Montreal departments and Simpson the northern and Columbia departments. Finally, in 1827 he received a letter dated December 24, 1826, from the Governor and Committee in London commending him in the highest terms for his work during the past five years and appointing him governor-in-chief of all the Hudson's Bay Company territories and Canadian business at a salary of £1800.



Hudson's Bay House, Lachine, bought by the Company in 1833 as a residence for Sir George, and where he died in 1860. It was torn down in 1888.

This apparently did not come as a complete surprise to Governor Simpson. Before Williams had relinquished his governorship of the Canada posts (which were included in the Montreal department) the younger man had, in the fall of 1826, established himself at Lachine, whence every spring the fleet of big canoes set out for the posts of the interior.

His object in moving down from the northwest is a matter for conjecture; but the most probable reason is that he wished to keep in close touch with the powerful ex-Nor'westers whose homes and offices were in Montreal, and who were now partners in the new company. Under their capable hands, Montreal had become the centre of the fur trade in America, and Simpson probably realized that, no matter where he set up his headquarters, the young metropolis would continue to hold her position of pre-eminence in this respect.

This position, in fact, she had held intermittently ever since the early years of Canadian colonization, and always it had been connected with the Great Lakes and Ottawa River route, not with the present St. Lawrence route via Lake Ontario. Legend has it that even before the coming of the white men the Algonkins of the Ottawa valley used to bring their furs to the Island of Montreal, where the then peaceable Iroquois tilled the soil and exchanged its products for the products of the chase. We know for certain, however, that ever since the first decade of the seventeenth century, the fur flotillas had been making their laborious way from the *pays d'en haut* to the St. Lawrence down the Ottawa, and that as early as 1611 Champlain met the Indians where Montreal now stands for the purpose of buying their furs. His report of the amenities of the place and the facilities for trade there, which he made on his return to France, was evidently what decided the Company of Montreal to choose that spot for the beginning of the settlement thirty years later; and although Ville Marie de Montreal was founded as a missionary venture, not as a trading post, the obvious advantages of the spot as the confluence of three trade routes could not long be overlooked.

As the years went by, the importance of Montreal as a fur trading centre increased, although by no means steadily, owing to the depredations of the Iroquois. There was naturally a good deal of rivalry between the various traders of the village, and the obvious thing for the more enterprising of them to do was to establish posts further upstream, where they might pick out the cream of the crop before it reached the market. With the Iroquois continually waiting, however, to pounce on the unwary citizen (and even the wary one), it was frankly impossible to live outside the protection of the settlement. It was especially desirable that a post be built above the rapids of Lachine because of the dangers of capsizing in that famous *sault*. Baron La Hontan, for example, relates how the canoe in which he was descending the rapids one day overturned in their midst and his Indian companions lost not only their cargo of furs and their canoe but one of their own number as well. Since the cargo of each "canow," as he calls it, usually amounted to forty packs of fifty pounds each, the savages ran the risk of losing a ton of furs for every canoe that shot the rapids.

The natural place for a trading post, therefore, was at the head of the *sault*, where the precious cargoes could be safely disposed of. But the Montreal traders feared to make this step until they could be sure that the Iroquois menace had been removed. It did not take long, however, for them to act, once they were certain about it. Peace with these dread marauders had hardly been declared when a young gentleman adventurer, fresh from France, took up land at the head of the Lachine rapids and began to clear it for cultivation. A life of bucolic security, however, held no attractions for Cavalier de La Salle, and in 1669 he set out to look for China via the St. Lawrence and the Ohio rivers. Less than a year later, when the expected failure of his quest became known, his seigneury of St. Sulpice was derisively renamed *La Chine*

(China), and Lachine it has remained to this day. Nevertheless, he had demonstrated that it was possible to live quite safely in a lonely outpost well beyond the precincts of Montreal, and the fur traders proceeded to profit thereby.

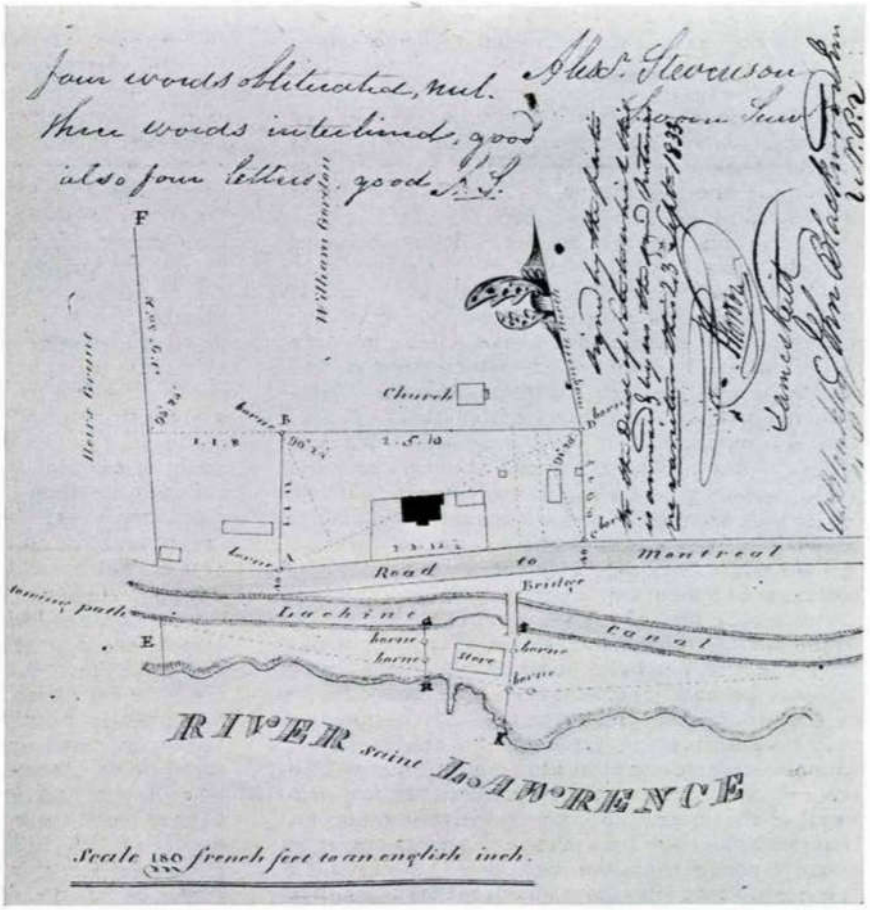
On the very day of his departure, Charles Le Moyne and Jacques Le Ber, the former one of the bravest officers and the latter one of the richest merchants of Montreal, had bought from him a parcel of land near the water's edge above the rapids. These two brothers-in-law had seen the importance of getting at the Indian fur fleets before they reached the market, and on the land purchased from La Salle they built in 1671 a house and a storehouse for furs, the first fur trading post established west of Montreal. Today these two buildings still stand, the oldest on the island.

For the first couple of years or so, the partners probably did a flourishing trade; but soon other Montreal merchants caught on to the idea, and one by one other "seigneuries"—which were really trading forts—sprang up along the shores of Lake St. Louis. Finally, in 1679 Le Moyne and Le Ber were obliged, in order to get ahead of their competitors, to transfer their Lachine business to the western end of the Island of Montreal.

Despite this westward trend, however, the annual fur fairs continued to be held at Montreal, when the little town would be thronged with naked Indians and beribboned *coureurs de bois*. In 1674, as many as eight hundred canoes arrived there from the west; but this was probably a bumper crop, owing to the establishment of Fort Frontenac the previous year, which served to divert some of the Iroquois fur trade to Montreal. For in the early seventies most of the furs of Canada had been secured by the Dutch and English traders, due to the higher prices they commanded at Albany (N.Y., not H.B.), and it was to prevent the Indians of the Upper Lakes trading with France's enemies through the Iroquois that Frontenac built the post which took his name, and which has since become Kingston, Ontario.

The establishment of posts in the far wilderness was not, of course, whole-heartedly welcomed by the stay-at-home traders of Montreal—unless they had a share in the profits. Moreover, the race of *coureurs de bois* (men who penetrated to the remote Indian villages and bought their furs at the sources of supply) was growing more numerous and more independent each year. The Indians, instead of making the long, laborious annual trips to and from Montreal, began to sit back and let the Frenchman do all the hard work of paddling and portaging. Certainly it was much more pleasant to sit and drink brandy in one's own village, and barter one's furs at ease without fear of competition, than to lug the heavy packs all the way to market, where the traders concerted to beat down the price and fire-water was obtainable only in restricted quantities.

Soon the established traders, who were more or less subject to law, saw that the outposts and the *coureurs de bois* were between them capturing most of the trade, and it became necessary for them either to take shares in a trading post or to employ their own wood-runners. And so the numbers of



Plan Showing Location of Hudson's Bay House at Lachine, office and residence of Sir George Simpson. The House is shown black. Taken from the deed of sale of the property from Wm. Gordon to the HBC, 23rd September, 1833. The building marked "store" still stands and is used as a dwelling. Note signature of Chief Factor J. Keith, who signed for Hudson's Bay Company.

the annual Indian fur fleets began to dwindle, until by the end of the seventeenth century they came no longer to Montreal. The French fur trade, in fact, had gravitated into the hands of a few big merchants who sent their own canoes out, manned by their own voyageurs, to their own posts in the wilderness. Thus began the establishment of the large Montreal fur companies.

With the coming of the Scottish merchants after the cession, the fur trade of Montreal received a tremendous impetus, and the little town flourished as never before. Following in the footsteps of the Verendryes, and aided by the Canadian voyageurs, who knew the routes of old, they began to intercept the Indians bound for Hudson's Bay and to establish posts in the wilderness as the French had done before them. Charles Grant, writing in 1780, estimates the number of canoes upbound from Lachine each spring at ninety to one hundred, each manned by eight voyageurs. (These were bigger canoes than those used by the Indians in 1674.)

When the North-West Company was formed, they established their principal storehouses for merchandise and pelts at Lachine. The Indian department did the same, and when the Cascades and Coteau locks were finished in 1783 the Upper Canada trade increased to such an extent that the Montreal merchants set up warehouses at the head of the rapids for the storage of goods bound up the St. Lawrence. Thus the little old village began to assume a position of real importance. Each season saw no less than fifteen to eighteen thousand loads of stores carted from the foot of the rapids to the head, and in 1804 a new road (the Upper Lachine Road of the present day) had to be built to accommodate the traffic.

By the time the Nor'westers were absorbed by the Hudson's Bay Company, therefore, the facilities for trade between Montreal and the upcountry were well established, and the new combined concern continued to make full use of them. More and more traffic was diverted from the Bay, and Montreal found her position as centre of the American fur trade strongly consolidated.

It was only natural, then, for Governor Simpson, when he had arranged the affairs of the northern department to his liking, to move down from the northwest and set up his headquarters on the St. Lawrence. Why he should have chosen Lachine in preference to Montreal is not quite clear. Perhaps he wished to keep a fatherly eye on his staff, who lived just across the canal, or possibly he felt that residence in Montreal would not bring with it that sense of unchallenged supremacy he so dearly loved. And so he took a house in La Chine (as he spelled it) and settled down in solitary grandeur.

Where he lived during the first seven years, it is impossible to say. But in 1833, having married and acquired an added sense of importance, he saw to it that the Company should house its resident governor-in-chief in a mansion more worthy of his dignity. On September 23, 1833, therefore, the Hudson's Bay Company bought from William Gordon, of Lachine, the biggest house in the village —a veritable mansion, sixty feet long and fifty wide—which became the Canadian headquarters of the Company and the residence of its governor.

Its position in relation to the old canal, and to the stone store, which is now used as a dwelling, is shown in the accompanying sketch taken from the deed of sale in the Montreal archives. The house itself, unfortunately, no longer stands, having been pulled down in 1888 to make room for the huge, three-domed sanctuary of the convent of the Sisters of St. Ann. But a photograph of it, taken after 1872 from the southeast corner, has fortunately been preserved, and is reproduced herewith. It is probably the only existing photo of the building where the "Emperor of the Plains" lived and laboured for so many years, until his death there in 1860. That we are enabled to use the picture here and give the following description of some of its rooms is due to the kindness of the good Sisters, who, in response to a short written request for information, took the trouble to copy out eight closely typewritten pages from the description of the old house in their archives, and draw careful plans of the three floors to illustrate the text.

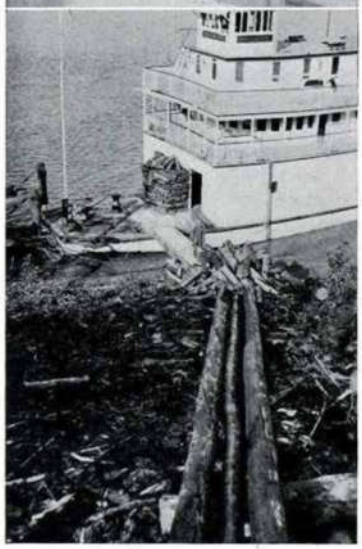
Looking at the photo, we see on the first floor at the nearest corner the tall window of the governor's private office. The lower window on the east side of the house was originally a door leading from a verandah (demolished before the picture was taken but shown on the plan of 1833) into his public office, so that access could be obtained to it without passing through the house. From these two rooms the Canadian affairs of the Company were directed for a period of twenty-seven years.

Above them, its one side window and two front windows visible in the picture, was an enormous room fifty feet long and twenty-six wide, stretching the whole width of the house. It is said to have been reserved for the governor's three daughters—Frances Webster (who rejoiced in the curious nickname of "Greyhound"), Augusta D'Este, and Margaret McKenzie. Normally, these children lived in England, but occasionally they used to visit their parents in Canada. While they were away, the big room was conceivably used as a dormitory for some of the Company employees.

R. M. Ballantyne, the famous author, tells in his "Hudson Bay" how as a boy of twenty he stayed at the house from October 1845 to January 1846. "Hudson's Bay House," he writes, "is the most imposing building about the place, but it does not reflect much credit on its architect." Why he should make this remark is not evident, but possibly he was referring to the heating, lighting, or interior arrangements of the building. Certainly, judging from the picture, it was as "stately, great and pleasant a house" as one could wish for.

The farthest tall window seen on the front of the house (through the porch) was that of the governor's grand salon, and above it that of his bedchamber, a room twenty-two feet wide which also stretched the entire width of the house, and which, after his wife's death in 1853, he shared with his youngest child, John Henry Pelly. Here it was that, in his seventy-fourth year, the "little emperor's" energetic and industrious life came to a close.

(The next instalment will deal with certain aspects of Sir George's character and of his life at Lachine.)



Top left: The Northland Echo loading at Waterways. Top right: Horses going aboard at Johnson's Landing on Slave river. Middle: Capt. W. H. Alexander, who has commanded the Northland Echo for eleven years, on the bridge. Below: A cordwood chute on the Athabasca river.

"Down North" by River Steamer

By J. C. DONALD
Montreal F.P.A.

Everything Goes North: Missionaries and Prospectors, Police and Trappers, Pigs and Gasoline, Groceries and Lumber. Southward Come Fur and Pitchblende

A STIFLING summer, two weeks' vacation, and a trip I had longed to make. We left Edmonton, the northwestern gateway, for Waterways at 9.30 a.m. on Tuesday morning; and the engineer actually had red hair—on several curves I obtained a very clear view of him from our rear coach. The journey of three hundred miles from Edmonton to Waterways takes only twenty-four hours, but, in spite of that, the passengers are often impatient and "wise-crack" about the speed of the train. All the same, they seem to enjoy it. They told me of an old lady whom the conductor on a previous trip had told to get out and walk because of her incessant complaints as to speed. She replied with great wit that her friends would not be looking for her until the train arrived.

Wednesday 9 a.m. saw us in Waterways, and worries ceased there. Produce the cash for your ticket at the Hudson's Bay Company steamship office and they look after your baggage and stewards show you your cabin.

The *Northland Echo*—built up high in three tiers and topped off by a wheel-house, forward short deck with a capstan on it, and aft two great protruding beams between which the stern wheel is located—lay there washing boilers and loading. At the foot of the endless conveyor lay one big barge, by the outside of which the

Fitzgerald, at the South End of Smith Portage, Showing Company Buildings and the Northland Echo

ship herself lay, and outside again was the other barge, all loading to their marks. A glance inside the warehouse showed pile upon pile of every kind of merchandise bound north. Strange where they stow it all, and stranger still where it all goes. Little bulk comes south again. Northbound bulk does not mean greater value, though, for the southbound cargoes are furs, pitchblende and silver.

Three miles from Waterways lies McMurray, connected by a road and automobiles. It is quite a township, and both Canadian Airways and Mackenzie Air Services have big bases there. As we arrived a big Junkers taxied into the surge and took off for Bear Lake.

I woke next morning to find the ship in motion and saw high sandy cliffs moving by, crowned by great spruce trees, and went to breakfast in a large airy saloon looking out to port and starboard (one gets nautical at once, though which is which is quite another tale) over the river and country. Before the meal was over we were at Fort McKay, and I went out to watch them unload a stack of flour.

We were tied up to the bank and the deck hands carrying off the sacks swarmed up and down a narrow gang-plank like an army of ants. Up aloft—it looked somewhere near the clouds—the "Cap" was leaning out of the wheel house, the mate was up at the gang-plank and the purser with a sheaf of papers was trying to check, and trying even harder to talk the post manager into signing as received O.K.

Then the mate gave the high sign to the wheelhouse, two gongs were heard, and the boat and her barges drew slowly astern from the bank and, swinging into midstream, increased her speed and went rolling down the river again, the stern wheel churning the brown water aft of her.

I went back into the lounge. Outside two Priests, bound for a mission station in the Arctic, were smoking; inside a party of Mounties were yarning. Some radio men of the R.C.C.S. were playing bridge, highly indignant because the man keeping score and his partner were winning. In a corner two prospectors were talking. So down the sunny, winding river.

Towards lunch-time others appeared on deck, completing the typically heterogeneous crowd of the North—two post managers and their wives, three apprentices, and, of the fair sex, a school teacher, two nurses for the Far North and one bride-to-be for some way down the Mackenzie.

At midday we heard a long and short blast, which I learned was a signal to a woodpile at Fitzsimmons. The two barges were unhooked and made fast upstream while the boat moved slowly astern of them and came to rest at the foot of a chute which dropped down some one hundred feet. The wood was measured off—four cords, I believe—and the deck hands began piling the four-foot logs down the chute onto the bow. From there they were trucked into piles on each side of the long boiler.

The water was most tempting and a swimming party got going, diving off the barges, floating down stream and clambering back over the stern-wheel into the boat.

Down stream again, northwards all the time. Smooth steady travel, conducive to a snooze and a book on the sunny boat deck or a sun-bath on top of the barge.

Tea in the lounge and then something white flutters from a cabin on the bank. Another stop and the boat floats with engines shut off. An Indian comes off in a canoe, puts his squaw and progeny and dogs aboard, clambers up himself, then hauls in the canoe after him.

Soon after dinner we hit Poplar Point, another woodpile. This time ten cords. The bank is high here, but the gang-plank stretches and the wood is slid down on deck. We may get off for a stroll. Inside the younger element had a gramophone blaring out the latest Something Blues, and I watched the figures dancing as I smoked my pipe. All round were tall trees, poplars and spruce mainly, and below was the river flowing miles from the mountains, only to be swallowed in Lake Athabasca. Up above strips and puffs of crimson cloud in a gold tinted sky. Back aft the chief engineer was leaning out trying to figure how much wood that so and so purser had short-measured him. On the barge a couple of cows were being milked, some placid sheep were grazing hay, and in the next pen, with a flurry of curled tails and incessant squeals of joy, some pigs were guzzling some kind of special slush dinner.

On down stream again, and I went up to the wheel-house. The "Cap" was telling the two nurses (funny how the fair sex always gets up there) of a girl on a previous trip raving over a sunset.

At midnight we loaded lumber at a sawmill perched on the bank which drew its wood from the rolling bush behind, piling it on the bank for transportation north. Everything goes north.

Soon even the dancers, who had stopped dancing to watch the moon and other things, retired, and I was left leaning on the rail alone. From the high cliffs of McMurray we came to lower banks, past trees and thick bush into still lower country, and finally just willows. We had two stops, one to put off a few pieces at a trapper's shack, and one to put off the Indian and family at Jackfish reserve. Then as dawn came up we ran into the delta of the Athabasca and wound our way through a maze of channels into Lake Athabasca. Three hours across to the southwest corner we wound between beautiful cone-shaped islands into that old straggling settlement perched on red rocks, Fort Chipewyan. We had three landings to make, first at the Hudson's Bay post, perched high at the first point we came to, then at the government wharf (the centre of the settlement), and finally at "Fraser's Rock" up towards the Rocher river, the farther end of the town.

The half-hour three whistles blew and somehow we all collected intact. I say intact, but there was one tragedy. A passenger, not looking what he was doing, jumped ashore and landed on a lose plank, which gave way and rose like a lever to push him into the lake. He emerged grinning with a parcel still under his arm.

We left Chipewyan at 10 a.m. and passed by the Dog's Head, on a high granite cliff, into a second smaller lake; so into the Rocher. The Rocher river has the extraordinary habit of flowing both ways; when the Peace river is high it flows into the lake, and when the lake has the whip hand it reverses the procedure.

We wheeled and tied up at the bank. No cabin was visible, but a man suddenly appeared out of the bush and hauled the line ashore. On one of the trees I saw a small notice bearing the words, "Lacasses Landing." One would hardly believe that this alone showed the boat where to stop. It is extraordinary how they know exactly where every man on the river is located.

Then past the mouth of the great Peace river and into the Slave, as broad as many lakes, with low heavily wooded banks, while the river itself is studded with small islands and rapids and rocks. At a place, Johnson's, we had a stop. Here is a large meadow with cattle and horses, a good log house, barn and warehouse, the whole property neatly fenced. Eight years ago this spot was just part of the bush that surrounds it. Just beyond we stopped at Ryan's hay camp, another fine clearing, where wheat, amongst other things, is produced.

On each side of us now stretched the government buffalo reserve, and soon after dinner we stopped at the main base there, the government hay camp, a collection of buildings in a wide clearing. Two and a half hours away lay Fitzgerald and, as a phone runs through there from the hay camp, our coming was announced. We were all on deck as we wheeled into the stream again and slowly gathered speed on the last leg of our journey. Around us were outcroppings of rock, small tree-capped islands, all tipped by another crimson sunset. As we steamed past the R.C.A.F. base we saw three red-white-and-blue planes moored there shimmering in the dying rays of the sun. Soon after we stopped in the stream to alter the position of the barges for docking at Fitzgerald, then forged ahead, and round the point saw our destination, set on a rocky point, and just above the sixteen miles of rapids to Fort Smith, N.W.T.

There's a road to Fort Smith, and we climbed into taxis, the others to go on, ever north, and myself to return south again.

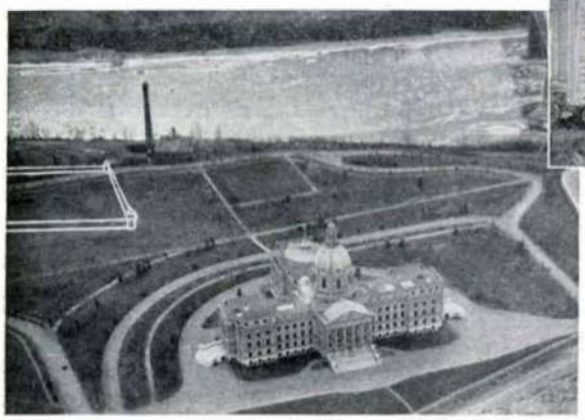
It was a sad parting from the north—these fellow passengers embodied the very essence of it—and on the train to Edmonton the next Friday, I vowed to go further next time. Though I had seen it all in almost pampered luxury, there's something definitely draws one ever north.

That was a holiday.

Aklavik in the Mackenzie River Delta, Looking North, the Metropolis of the Arctic and Turning Point of the River Vessels (Photo R.C.A.F.)

FORT EDMONTON

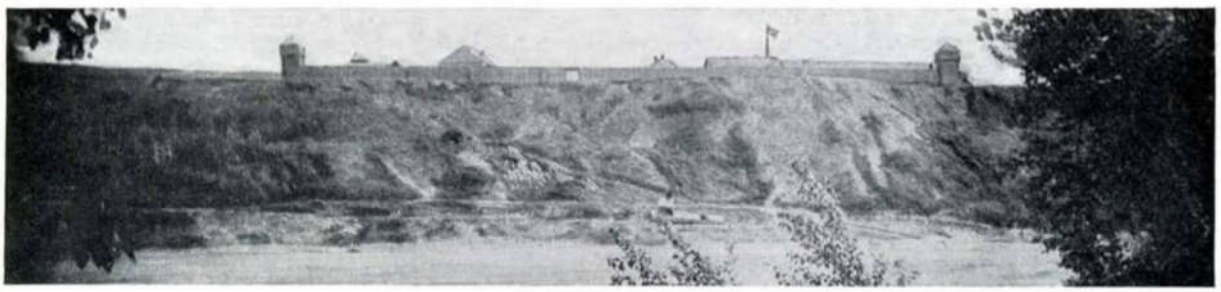
The first Fort Edmonton was built in 1795, and was named in compliment to John Pruden, a Company clerk and native of Edmonton, Middlesex, England.



The Legislative Building Showing Position of Old Fort Edmonton

Top: "The Big House" of Chief Factor Hardisty in 1896 when it was the first Edmonton Golf Club House. Lower: H B C Officers at the Fort in 1887. Lying, J. Graham, C. D. T. Becher, J. R. Michael; Sitting, G. Hislop, H. S. Young, R. Hardisty, G. J. Kinnaird, W. L. Wood.

Top left: The Old Warehouse with the Parliament Buildings in the background. The warehouse was the last building left standing, being torn down in 1911. Right: A Group of the '80s. Standing, F. D. Wilson; Seated, G. P. Simpson, W. R. Brereton, H. Grahame; Seated in front, J. R. Michael. Lower left: A group taken in the Old Fort in 1884. At bottom of page: A view of the Old Fort, 1877, taken from the opposite side of the river.



Twenty-four Arctic Hours

By J. W. NICHOLS
Port Harrison, Hudson Bay

A Journey Through a Blizzard Enlivened by Polar Bears and an Ice Pressure Ridge

THE place: Barrow Strait; latitude 75. The time: 5.40 p.m. on the evening of February 19th, 1928.

"Can you see anything, old timer?"

"No! There's not a——thing except this cursed drift!"

We were trying to make Russel island near the entrance to Peel Sound. In fact we had been trying for the past three hours, but it seemed to get no nearer. We were travelling with two teams of fourteen dogs each and over very smooth ice. The wind was blowing fully sixty miles an hour, and everything movable was being blown through the air, including ourselves!

The air was so full of snow and flying particles of ice that we could breathe only with the utmost difficulty. We could not see the dogs, and the sleds appeared to be moving through space of their own volition. We were tired, discouraged and very hungry. It was impossible to make tea in such a gale, and we could not find enough snow to make a small shelter, much less an igloo.

It was now about 8.30 and totally dark; but this made little difference to us as, darkness or light, we could see nothing but drift, and that for only short periods, as our eyelashes kept freezing together and we had to thaw them by pressing our koolutaks completely over our heads. We continued plodding our weary way until midnight, and then stopped and huddled together behind our sleds, munching a solidly frozen piece of flapjack. Between mouthfuls we discussed our chances of arriving at Russel island next day, but could plan no way of doing so without running the extreme risk of freezing or running into open water. There was little chance of our losing ourselves unless the wind changed; we were travelling almost due south, with the wind blowing from the northwest.

When we had rested for about ten minutes we began to feel the nip of the cold, so decided to get going again. The dogs were all curled up in a bunch and were not at all anxious to continue. We drove them to it however, and were travelling for about twenty minutes when they suddenly increased their pace, and our spirits rose proportionately as we thought that we were nearing the island. How wrong we were we soon found out. The dogs by now were in full gallop and could not be stopped even had we been inclined to try the experiment. Suddenly ahead in the darkness and drift a bedlam of short sharp yelps broke out among the lead team and the sled fairly skimmed over the ice. A few minutes of this speed and we crashed into what appeared to be thousands of snarling dogs. They seemed to be everywhere, and through the white wall of drift we could not see what they were doing. We were not long left in doubt. The dogs settled down to a business-like fight and made less noise about it. We then heard the rumbling growls of a polar bear, and knew that we could do nothing but tremble for the safety of the dogs.

For twenty minutes it seemed that all the fiends of the nether regions had broken loose in one glorious mix-up. It ceased as suddenly as it had begun, and we could hear nothing but the wind howling and the swish of the drift. We called our dogs, but as none appeared we thought they had all been killed or badly wounded. At last we plucked up enough courage to go to where the fight had taken place to see what had happened. We found a very dead polar bear and four dead dogs; the remaining twenty-four dogs could not be distinguished one from another—they were tied in knots in their own harnesses and some of them could not move, others with about a foot of their trace appearing from the tangle were lying down busily licking their wounds and quite indifferent to the plight of their fellow workers.

We had now to face the heart-breaking task of straightening out the tangle of knots, frozen traces, fighting dogs, and all in a howling blizzard. Anything more trying to one's temper I have yet to experience. At length, when we had been working for about two hours we began to see something like harnesses and traces emerge from the chaos, but not before we had suffered terribly from the cold. We had been compelled to use our bare hands to untie the knots, and every few minutes we found our fingers growing stiff and freezing, so that we were compelled to put them inside the warm carcass of the bear to get them thawed out and the blood circulating again. This latter is an old Eskimo trick, and one that may be followed when Jack Frost takes toll of exposed hands.

About three and a half hours of this and we had everything in order to make another attempt to reach our objective; but before starting we decided to make a cup of hot tea. The only feasible way of doing this, we decided, was to dig a hole in the solid ice. This was done, the hole being made about four

feet in diameter and about five feet deep and by putting the kometik to windward we found that we had a very satisfactory shelter. In less time than it takes to tell about it we had our primus stove roaring merrily with a kettle of snow on top of it melting. While we were waiting for this we enjoyed a much needed pipe and felt that we were not too badly off after all. In about three quarters of an hour we were different men—a good cup of hot H B C tea and a plate of beans and bacon works wonders on the human body when it has been fasting for fourteen or sixteen hours—and quite eager to again pit out revived strength against the elements.

We were not long in making our preparations for another start, and the dogs, remembering their previous engagement with the bear, appeared quite eager to try conclusions with others! They started off at a good sharp pace, and we were forced to exert ourselves to keep up with them. The novelty of this soon wore off however, and they settled down to the usual plod, plod, plod. This went on for something like four or five hours, and it must have been about five-thirty or six o'clock in the morning when the dogs stopped of their own accord and stood in a tense attitude of listening. We could hear nothing ourselves, so we forced the dogs to continue. Shortly afterwards we began to hear a slight rumbling sound, which increased as we advanced. At last we called a halt. Now we could hear a sound like the rumble of thunder, which Munak, my guide, told me was the ice moving. His words soon proved correct, as the ice we were standing on began to shiver and tremble as if it was being agitated by some giant unseen hand. We could not stop where we were, however, and continued on our way.

The wind appeared to be slackening somewhat, and we had hopes that the day before us would be fine. The cause of the slackening of the wind was due to the fact that we were travelling parallel to an ice pressure, and this was also the cause of the noise and trembling of the ice. We drove close into it and it became totally calm. Unfortunately, however, the whole mass was in constant movement and great chunks were continually crashing from the top to the ice below. The noise was terrific, and it was far too dangerous for us to go as near as we would have liked, so we kept well away. We travelled parallel to it for a few hours and daylight at last began to filter through the murk of drift and darkness. We were now enabled to fully distinguish the pressure ridge.

It appeared to be about forty-five to sixty feet in height but here and there it was quite low. What surprised us most of all was that the whole mass was never still for a moment; it was squirming, crushing, quivering and crashing continually, and we were momentarily expecting the ice underneath our feet to rise up and toss us among the crashing fragments from the ridge. But fortunately for us the storm appeared to be abating, and as we drove along the noise and movement gradually subsided until at last we were driving along in comparative quietness. By midday we passed the end of the pressure ridge, which tapered away to nothing, and we came out on smooth ice which was completely blown clear of snow. The storm was now abating fast, and we could see for quite a distance.

Shortly after passing the pressure ridge, we were travelling along in comparatively fine weather and were delighted to catch our first glimpse of the land for more than twenty hours. The land we could now see proved to be Cape Anne on the northwest end of Summerset island. A little later we made out Prince of Wales Land, and then Russel island, which lies slightly north of the former.

When we were within ten miles of Russel island the ice became very rough and broken, and it was with the utmost difficulty that we managed to make our way through it. We were slowly making our way along, not paying much attention to anything except getting our sleds through without breaking them, when suddenly, not fifteen yards away, one of the biggest bears I have ever seen sprang up from behind a piece of ice. It was difficult to tell what was going to happen next. The polar bear, however, decided the matter. Evidently there were too many dogs for his liking, so he turned his stump of a tail towards us, doubled himself up like a big ball of fur and completely disappeared. This did not at all satisfy our dogs. They were anxious to get their supper and immediately bolted on the track of the bear.

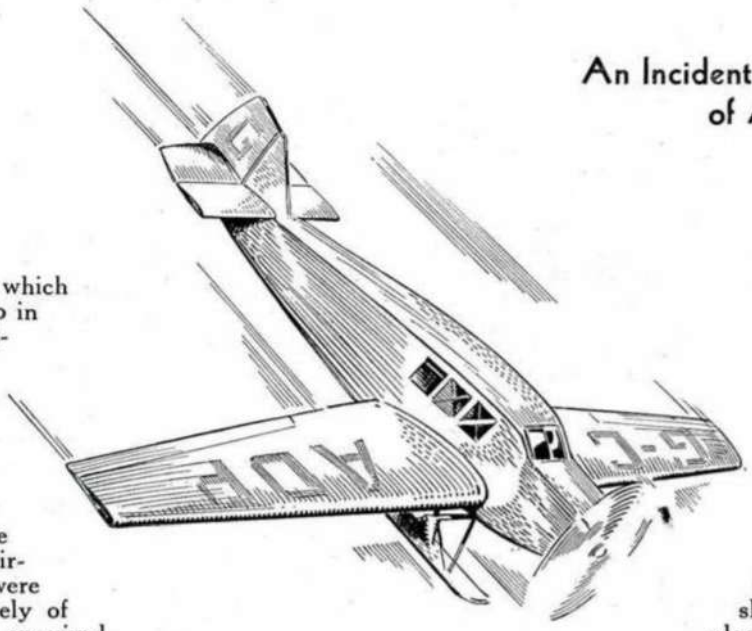
The chase was fast, furious and exciting, not to say dangerous. The dogs were travelling at terrific speed, and it was impossible to keep the sleds from crashing into the larger pieces of ice. Ten or fifteen minutes of this was more than we in our tired and exhausted condition could stand, and the upshot was that the dogs continued the chase without us. There was nothing for it now but to keep walking until we caught them, and this was not as long as we expected. Fortunately two of the dogs from one of the teams had broken loose and very quickly overtook the bear, which they drove to the top of the highest piece of ice in the vicinity. By the time we arrived where the bear was "treed" he was completely surrounded, and it was a simple matter to secure our rifles and shoot him. After this we quickly took the pelt off and gave the dogs a good feed of the meat. The remaining meat, with the pelt, we secured to our sleds and shortly afterwards arrived at Russel island, where we lost little time in building our igloo, cooking our evening meal and getting down to sorely needed rest and sleep after an adventurous twenty-four hours on the trail.

The Company's Post on Baillie Island, Western Arctic, in May

New Propeller Made from HBC Sleigh Runners in 1921

An Incident of the Early Days of Arctic Aviation at Fort Simpson

By E. GREEN
Winnipeg



BACK in 1921, which is a long time ago in the history of aviation, two airplanes stood on a windswept field outside New York City. They were different from the general run of aircraft, for they were constructed entirely of metal. Had you enquired, you would have been told that they were German made machines typified as the JL6 model but more commonly called Junkers. Early in the morning the two machines were surrounded by various officials of the airport when two pilots, Capt. Gorman, R.F.C., and Lieut. Fullerton, together with Mechanics Hill and Derbyshire, emerged from the hangers. As they approached the machines they exchanged a few brief words with the officials. The already warmed motors were started, and with a challenging roar the two strange machines leaped into the sky and headed north.

Who they were and where they were going was a matter of speculation until it was announced that the rapidly disappearing specks in the sky were Junkers all-metal monoplanes owned by the Imperial Oil Company of Canada and their destination was the new oil strike at Fort Norman just below the Arctic Circle. There was a shaking of heads when it was learned that two foreign machines, without preparation of any kind, were deliberately heading into that frozen land on the rim of the earth.

More than two thousand miles northwest of New York the machines' crews looked down to see the city of Edmonton, Alberta, beneath them. They had made two stops so far, but it was at this point that they must prepare for the last hop from civilization. Far beneath, the ground reflected its winter coat of snow. The air was sharp and cold as the machines nosed downward in order to make a safe landing.

Here they were to change the wheels of the landing gear, and skis would take their place; for there would be no open ground in that far North where wheels could be used.

Some days later the change was effected and experiments showed that skis were a great success —up to a certain point. In the meantime it had been learned that gasoline would be available at Fort Simpson but that when they arrived at Fort Norman they would have to distil their own fuel for the return trip. This did not please the pioneers, but with the true spirit of the Argonauts they roared off into the darkening skies.

From Peace River Crossing, which is the outer edge of what westerners call civilization, the aviators expected to make their journey in two jumps: one to Fort Simpson and the other to Fort Norman.

One hundred and ninety miles down the Peace river the party ran into a blinding blizzard from the northwest which forced them down to land in deep snow near the Hudson's Bay post at Vermilion. After waiting two days for the weather to clear the party hopped off again for Hay River.

For the first fifty miles of this trip there was not a landing field of any kind; the country was wild and rugged and the rivers were choked with huge stacks of grinding ice. Two and one half hours after taking off they landed at Hay River.

From Hay River to Providence a storm raged and they were again forced down.

The treachery of the Slave Lake weather was becoming more and more evident, for it would ap-

pear to be fine and then without warning a violent storm would arise which would blot out all vision from the air.

At last the weather cleared for a short time and they were able to continue the flight. One hundred and two minutes later they were over Fort Simpson, one hundred and forty miles from Providence. The mighty Laird river lay beneath, and close by a landing field had been sighted. Nosing slowly down, Captain Gorman brought his machine to a safe landing on the crusted surface of the field.

In the meantime Fullerton circled down for a landing. Coming in carefully, he watched for the surface, when suddenly and without warning the skis struck the frozen snow, glided a short distance and then broke through. In less time than it takes to tell, the heavy machine whirled over, snapped off a ski and—greatest of all calamities—the propeller was smashed to splinters.

Hundreds of miles from the nearest railroad and absolutely without means of getting tbe news to the outside, this disaster threatened to tie up the party until late in the coming summer, when the rivers would open and supply boats could make their way into that unfriendly land. The nearest propeller was in New York, but that city was thousands of miles away and there was little hope of getting one from there before the next freeze-up. However, aviation "old-timers" are hard men to beat, and the course they took has few equals in the annals of flying men's ingenuity. If a propeller could not be secured in any other way, they would make one.

Mechanic Hill first stripped the wings from the wreck and inspected the landing gear. One skid was badly smashed; so he first turned his attention to this member. A derrick was fashioned and the machine raised. Carefully surveying the damage, Hill went to work.

At that time skis were more or less an experiment, so the enterprising mechanic had a great deal of leeway. Almost every part of the skis was on trial, so any deviation from fixed rules was not impossible. Applying knowledge gained from previous experience and salvaging a few pieces of hardwood, Hill made a ski that far surpassed the factory-made product in efficiency. Its weight was lower and the bracing struts were set at a more scientific angle. Skis are common today, but it is safe to say that they are no more efficient than the one constructed on the frozen surface of that northern river. They do not differ one particle either in design or finish; the material is better, that's all.

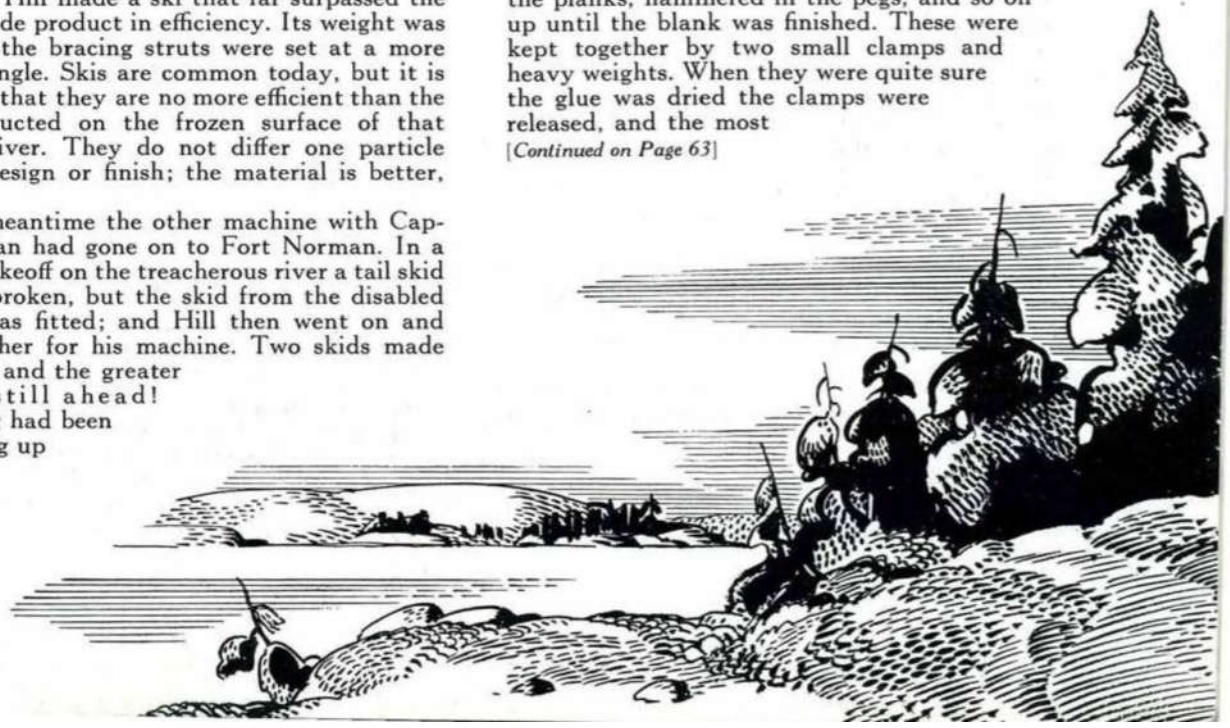
In the meantime the other machine with Captain Gorman had gone on to Fort Norman. In a previous takeoff on the treacherous river a tail skid had been broken, but the skid from the disabled machine was fitted; and Hill then went on and made another for his machine. Two skids made from scrap and the greater job was still ahead! Everything had been plain sailing up until then and under-taken solely to have the machine ready in case Santa Claus brought a new propeller. The well known old gentleman failed, however—as he always does after we grow up—so Hill cast about him for suitable material.

If an expert carpenter were suddenly called on to make a propeller in a well equipped shop he would probably have grey hairs in short order. He simply wouldn't think it sensible to make a stick capable of absorbing two or three hundred horsepower. But this outlook didn't worry Hill and Fullerton. They had located an old cabinet-maker living at the Hudson's Bay post, and he still had his tools. If they could only find good material that "stick" was as good as made. Appraisingly they eyed the trees in the surrounding forest; but they soon realized it would take too long to properly dry out the wood if they were to find a hardwood tree clear of knots.

Prowling about the post they discovered some sleigh runners—huge freighting runners, solid oak, twelve feet long, five inches thick and nine inches wide. Bearing their prizes to the Catholic mission shop, they set about cutting planks. When sufficient planks had been cut to build a proper "blank" they spent many weary hours rubbing and smoothing them down to glass-like smoothness. Everything depended on those planks being absolutely smooth. In due course they had a nice set of smooth oaken boards all drilled and ready for the pegs. There was nothing stopping them now from building their blank except that they had no glue.

Once again ingenuity and old customs came to the fore. In that country the inhabitants make their own soap from the fat of wild animals; they make their clothing from the skins. It was not too much to hope that glue could also be made from the obliging denizens of the spruce thickets. Investigation showed that glue could be made from the hoofs and hides of moose; so they promptly went out and shot two. Taking the vital parts, they boiled them down until they had a sufficient quantity of good quality glue. Back again in the workshop they carefully spread their glue on the planks, hammered in the pegs, and so on up until the blank was finished. These were kept together by two small clamps and heavy weights. When they were quite sure the glue was dried the clamps were released, and the most

[*Continued on Page 63*]



"P.S.—Don't Forget the Radio Messages"

An Enthusiastic Letter From an Apprentice Clerk Who Went North Recently with a Fur Trade Commissioner's "Baton" in His Knapsack

N.W.T., Nov. 2nd, 1933.

Dear Mother and Dad:

I hope this letter finds all at home in the best of health and spirits. As for myself, well, I don't think I could feel any better. I hope all my friends are in the pink of condition. Gee, I sure was glad to learn, in your last letter, that L— was O.K. I'll bet it was a relief to learn that it was nothing serious. By the way, please remember me to T— and L— and tell them I will write them.

Did you get my letter from Ft. Hearne? I am writing this one now because I have heard that one of the natives might be making a trip in the near future to Ft. Hearne. That is where the mail plane leaves the mail. But if you don't get this letter till several months later don't be alarmed, because the plane is not due till January. If there is mail from you on that plane I will get it in March when the R.C.M.P. make their trip here in the spring.

I have got my diary in front of me now, and I am going to try and give you all the news since I left Ft. Hearne, commonly called Coppermine up here.

Soon after Mr. B— left another boat arrived. It was from King William Land. I was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. G— and P— G—. Remember all the snaps we saw of Mr. G— in the album? He is going out into civilization because he has been very ill.

We were held up for five days at Ft. Hearne by a strong wind which made travelling impossible. However, we travelled over to John Brown's island on Sept. 23rd to pick up a native's outfit. Our friends at Coppermine had no idea we were leaving. We just blew our whistle and waved good-bye. We anchored over at the island that night and went ashore and had supper in a native tent. This island is a fishing camp where the trappers come in the summer to set nets and get fish for dog feed during the winter. There were a great number of racks here and thousands of fish were hanging one row above the other, drying in the wind. Some of these trout were nearly two feet long. Boy, would this be a paradise for J—. Scenery—nothing but drying fish. Air—nothing but that fragrant intoxicating perfume of drying fish. Poor J—. Tears come to my eyes when I think of her being cast adrift on an island such as this.

Next morning we set off on the last of our journey. We travelled between the island and the mainland to Tree River. We anchored there for the night and left at 6 a.m. the next morning. We still travelled between islands. I had my first close-up of a seal this day. I was at the wheel at the time and was on the look-out for a seal. I was so surprised when he popped up right by the boat that I forgot about the rifle in front of me and just stared at him. However, I remembered the rifle after we had passed the seal and I took a shot at him, but by this time we were too far past and I shot just in front of him. Some excuse, eh? But it's a fact.

That night we anchored in Detention Harbour, where a former Hudson's Bay manager, J—— L——, has built a cabin. He is a trapper now and leads a lonely, contented life. He was very glad to have visitors. He was more than glad when he met my manager. They had been managers in the Eastern Arctic district. So you can imagine the news that passed between them. Boy, did they talk?

Next morning when we blew good-bye on the whistle, J—— came running out of the cabin with his rifle and fired three shots in the air and waved good-bye. We travelled till noon, and as we were going through a pass between two islands we went aground. There is an interval here until we cool off. We finally got off by taking the anchor in the jolly boat and dropping it in the deep water and then by slow degrees pulling the boat towards the anchor. We only got as far as Cater Point that night. Here Cyril, our guide, went ashore and shot four Arctic hares, one of which we had for supper. They sure make a fine stew.

Next morning, September 27th, we set off, expecting to reach the post that night. We travelled down the inlet all day. As it started to get dark we knew we should be near the post. However, Cyril said we had to go a little farther yet. So we travelled along in the dark for another half hour, and then, doggone it, we went aground again. Well, we tried everything to get off, but we had to give it up till high tide.

When we got up next morning there, not a quarter of a mile away, was the post. We had no trouble getting the boat off when the tide came in. We tooted the old whistle to let the natives know we were there, and in a few minutes there were about five or six boats coming full speed for us. They did not take long in reaching us. They all tied their boats on to the stern and clambered aboard. They were the jolliest bunch I had seen.

Being so late in the season, they were beginning to doubt whether we would ever show up. They were mighty happy when they saw our boat, I'll tell you. After shaking hands all round, with men, women and children, the first thing they asked for was tobacco. Luckily we had some cigarette tobacco of our own. We handed it to them and that was the last of the tobacco. The Eskimo women are just as heavy smokers as the men, and by the time they each had a cigarette the half-pound tin was soon consumed. By the way, I've quit smoking.

One of the natives took the wheel and piloted us in to the post. It consists of four buildings; namely, store, warehouse, dwelling house and fish house. These buildings were formerly used by the Dominion Explorers when they were doing some work up here and were taken over by the Bay when they moved down from Wollaston Point.

When the explorers left they did not take down their aerial. It is one of those like P— used to have. So when we put in our new radio we only had to put in a ground wire and attach the aerial and we had music. I told you in one of my other letters that there was a radio here, but I learned later that it was a new one which was being shipped here. We didn't take long to install the radio and we had music the first night in our new home. Our best station is Normandy, France, which we get from 3 p.m. till 8 p.m. It is an English station called the International Broadcasting Company and operating on a frequency of 1327 kilocycles. We can hardly get CKY here at any time. We managed to get them one Wednesday night, but there were no messages. Have they changed their night? I have not, as yet, got any of your messages. Instead of sending them to CKY, will you send them to station KDKA, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. They broadcast messages to the North every Saturday night free of charge, and we get them nearly every time. Therefore, I hope you will send a message every Saturday, in case I miss it sometimes. Address the message: To E— R—, Hudson's Bay Company, ——— ———. The greater majority of the messages broadcasted over this station are to Hudson's Bay men. Some of them get as many as three or four every week. So don't forget and give me a little weekly news after you get this letter. I'll be listening for you. So much for the radio, and now back to the diary.

The first job we had to do after establishing ourselves was to haul up the *Sea Wolf* above high tide mark. It took the combined efforts of all the male natives and ourselves four days to do this job. Many a time the ropes snapped, and one time the strain was so great it broke the cable on the dead man. It was slow hard work, but we got it up.

There isn't much to tell in the next few days except that I did some trading of deerskins and deer meat and later the manager and myself took an inventory.

When the river froze over, October 18, I cleared a space on it and gave the natives an exhibition of skating. Did they goggle? Not half. They sure think a lot of skating. One fellow got a bright idea that skates would be good for chasing deer over the lake; but I told him that he would only be able to use them on glare ice, so he changed his mind.

After the ice froze to about five inches in thickness we went over to a creek and sawed out quite a bit for water supply. We keep sawing out some every few days now so as to lay by enough to last us through the cold months of the winter.

Every second day, Mr. J— and myself go about five miles down a little inlet to the fish nets. These nets are set in under the ice, which is now about seven feet thick, and we have to keep a hole open so as to pull the nets up through. One day I visited the nets with a native, and the natives were building their igloos just a short distance from the nets. I went over and watched them, and saw how they shape their snow blocks so that they will not fall in.

While I stood watching them, the chief, whose name is Tatidlegak, stuck his head over his partly built igloo and says, "Ooney, cupatea?" I was a little chilly after looking at the nets, so I said I would. So I was taken into one of the new igloos and we all had a cup of tea together. They are very good that way. The chief calls me Ooney because he cannot pronounce my name properly. He is about sixty years old, and yet he has more go in him than any of the others, and he gallops around like a youngster.

One of the most interesting things I saw was the natives mudding their sleds. They put a special kind of mud on the runners of their sleds, about two inches in thickness. They let this freeze, and then they scrape it and round it off with a knife. Then over this mud they put a thin coating of ice. This is done by dipping a piece of bearskin in water and running it over the mud two or three times. And then does that sled run easily? It doesn't take any effort to push a big sled with runners like that. Of course, there is a reason for doing this. The steel runners get frosty and often stick, and when there is a load on it is very hard for the dogs to pull. When we get our films developed I will send you a picture of the runners when they are "mudded." I will have more than just the runners to show you when I get all the films developed. We hardly have to wait for darkness to develop films up here. We only have the sun for three hours now and day by day we have it less and less.

Well, I'll bet you are getting sore eyes trying to read all this terrible writing. I started this letter on the second, but I did not write it all at once. I am finishing it tonight, which is now the 18th. By writing a page or so a night I can take my time and think of more to tell you.

Meanwhile, I have had another birthday. Twenty years old. Next year I will be a man in years and with all this fresh air and hard work I hope to be a man in more ways than one.

Gee, I sure have been speeling it off; but I have tried to give you all the important news. Well, I'll guarantee that if I have missed anything in this letter I will give it to you in the next one.

All bad things come to an end and so does this letter. I guess you won't get this letter till after the holiday season, but even so I want to wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and don't forget to drink one for me.

Your loving son,

E—

P.S.—Don't forget the radio messages.

Hugh Conn

A Tribute and a Record of Northern Journey which Places this Retiring Fur Trade Officer in the Ranks of Most Celebrated Arctic Travellers

By
R. H. G. BONNYCASTLE
Manager, Western Arctic District

ON 31st May this year Factor Hugh Conn retired after twenty-three years of conscientious, loyal and efficient service in the Fur Trade Department. For the past few years Mr. Conn's health had made it increasingly difficult for him to carry on his arduous duties, which involved several months of travel each year in the wilds of the North Country, and he finally yielded to the advice of his doctor to retire from the Service.

It is over twenty-three years since Hugh Conn came out (in 1911) to join the staff of the Winnipeg "saleshop," but in August of the same year he transferred to the Fur Trade Department, in which he had served ever since. Stationed at Elk Lake and Cochrane, Ontario, in the early years and then at The Pas, Manitoba, as post manager and later district inspector, Mr. Conn did a great deal of travelling in Northern Ontario, Manitoba and Saskatchewan by canoe and dog team. In 1923 he was appointed general inspector of the Fur Trade, responsible to the Fur Trade Commissioner, and since then has travelled an incredible mileage in the wilderness of Northern Canada from Quebec to the Alaskan boundary and northwards to the Arctic Islands. His journeys have been so constant and extensive as to place him in the front rank of famous H B C travellers of the older days, and it is doubtful if any of these have outdistanced him, since his travels by northern rivers and lakes, over the barren lands and the Arctic Ocean and Hudson Bay on foot, by canoe, dog team, steamship, schooner and aeroplane exceed 60,000 miles.

Detailed accounts of his trips would fill volumes of the most entertaining reading, and it is to be hoped Hugh Conn will consider committing them to paper as he finds time. He was an absolutely indefatigable traveller, always making light of hardship—of which he had plenty—and disdaining those so-called luxuries and comforts on the trail which one would consider due to a man in his position. Thus he scorned being driven in a cariole and always drove his own dog team. He always kept good dogs, looking after them personally and reaping the benefit in their faithful service.

Hugh Conn kept the same teams of dogs for years and some of these made unique trips. In 1927 his team was shipped by rail from The Pas to Vancouver, thence by the Company's steamer *Baychimo* through Bering Straits to Bernard Harbour in the Western Arctic. The following winter these dogs were driven across the Arctic to Hudson Bay, down to Churchill and York Factory and finally back to The Pas. Again in 1928 they had another train ride, this time to Edmonton and Waterways, Alberta, thence by steamboat down the Mackenzie river to the Arctic Circle at Fort Good Hope. After freeze-up Mr. Conn drove them the 1,300 odd miles back to the steel, whence they returned by train to The Pas for future use. What dogs have encompassed practically the whole of Canada in more amazing fashion—over 13,000 miles in two years?

The following is the briefest outline of Hugh Conn's travels, mentioning merely the country

visited and indicating little of the arduous difficulties and hardships met and overcome:

1911 to 1915—Journeys by canoe on Upper Ottawa river, Lake Temiskaming and Montreal river. Also by canoe, dog team and snowshoe on the Abitibi, Matagama, Missanabie and Nottaway rivers, besides many other smaller streams.

1915 to 1923—Extensive travels through Northern Manitoba and Saskatchewan, winter and summer, from the shores of Hudson Bay to the Alberta boundary and north to the 60th parallel.

1923 to 1924—By canoe, on foot and by dog team completely around the coast of James Bay, extending as far north as Nastapoka river on the east coast of Hudson Bay. Mr. Conn then made a long trip with dogs from Rupert's House on James Bay through the interior, reaching, by a circuitous route, the headwaters of the rivers flowing into the St. Lawrence, finally coming out at the headwaters of the Ottawa river. There was much privation and hardship on this trip, and at one time there was a chance that men and dogs would not return.

1924 to 1925—All over the district of Patricia in Northern Ontario.

1925 to 1926—From Winnipeg to Edmonton and through the Mackenzie basin to the Western Arctic, traversing the northern coastline from the Alaskan boundary in the west to King William Land in the east, touching Victoria Land and Banks Land. This trip was made entirely by water.

1927 to 1928—Back again to the Western Arctic in the summer of 1927, and during the following winter Hugh Conn made his most famous trip by driving his dogs 3,000 miles to make the Northwest Passage from west to east and reach civilization before the thaw. Leaving Bernard Harbour in the Western Arctic in November, he proceeded via Coronation Gulf and Bathurst Inlet to Cambridge Bay, and through Queen Maud Sea to King William Land, thence portaging overland to the shores of Hudson Bay at Wager Inlet and by way of Baker Lake, Chesterfield, Churchill and York Factory to The Pas before break-up. In its early stages this trip nearly had finis written to it at Cambridge Bay, Victoria Land. Accompanied by an untried guide during the period of Arctic darkness, Mr. Conn was overtaken by a raging blizzard in Dease Strait, which separates Victoria Land from the mainland. The guide became separated from Mr. Conn and the dogs, and with the impossibility of facing the storm or seeing a thing, there was nothing to do but to halt in the blinding drift and wait for the gale to subside and some visibility to return. The dogs curled up and were soon drifted over, while Mr. Conn, with no shelter of any kind, fought off sleep for sixty-one hours by walking up and down the distance of a few feet alongside the sled, from which he dared not stray for fear of losing it. When the storm finally subsided his hands were badly frostbitten, while the native, who had sat down a short distance off, was also severely frozen and would not have lived much longer had the storm continued.

1928 to 1929—All Western Arctic posts were again visited in the summer of 1928 and, returning, Fort Good Hope on the Mackenzie river at the Arctic Circle was reached before freeze-up. Here the well tried dog team of the previous year was waiting, having travelled from The Pas by rail to Waterways, Alberta, and thence by steamer to Fort Good Hope. On November 15th, three days after the ice set in the Mackenzie, Mr. Conn set off up the Mackenzie, Slave and Athabasca rivers inspecting all posts en route and reaching the rail head at the beginning of April.

1929 to 1930—Setting out from Winnipeg once more, this time on the reorganization of Nelson River district following the coming of the railway to Churchill, all the posts on the west shore of Hudson Bay were visited from Fort Severn in Northern Ontario to Repulse Bay in the extreme north; while another trying journey undertaken by dog team was from Churchill to Baker Lake via Padley, far in the Barren Lands, and return.

1930 to 1931—In 1930 Hugh Conn covered the entire country from Trout Lake in Ontario to Repulse Bay by schooner and canoe. From Trout Lake he travelled by canoe one hundred miles down the Trout river, thence by portages, small creeks and lakes to the Upper Severn river, thence up the Beaver river to the height of land, which was crossed at the headwaters of Sturgeon river, down the Sturgeon, Shamattawa and Hayes Rivers to York Factory. This constituted another wonderful itinerary, of which we can merely indicate the general route followed.

Since 1931 Hugh Conn has made many more inspection trips throughout Nelson River district in the capacity of district manager. There were arduous trips by dog team up Hudson Bay and across the Barren Lands, trips by schooner, with periods when these small vessels were helplessly ice bound, and long canoe trips up the rivers and lakes to Trout Lake with numberless portages and rapids to negotiate.

Hugh Conn has also seen the advent of the aeroplane as a factor in fur trade transportation, has travelled many miles by this means and even had post outfits flown in where previously slow and difficult canoe transport had been necessary.

It is an experience long to be remembered to spend an evening in Hugh Conn's company and listen to his stories of adventure and of old Company officers and servants, and, while modest to a degree, he is as interesting a raconteur as one can meet. Always popular wherever he went, he has a host of friends throughout the North, and there are few today with so wide a range of acquaintances.

In the summer of 1933 the writer met an elderly American at Great Bear Lake. It was a hobby with him to visit out-of-the-way Canadian haunts each summer. Ascertaining that I was a Company man, he asked me if I knew Hugh Conn who, he said, had outfitted him in 1915 at Cochrane for a canoe trip down the Abitibi. Thus did Hugh Conn impress the people with whom he came in contact.

One can imagine that Hugh Conn will have many rich experiences to ponder in his quiet moments at home in Ireland and that rare yarns will be swapped when some other Company man on furlough in the old land seeks him out. Everyone with whom he came in contact will long remember Hugh Conn, and all wish him the utmost in health and happiness during his well earned rest.

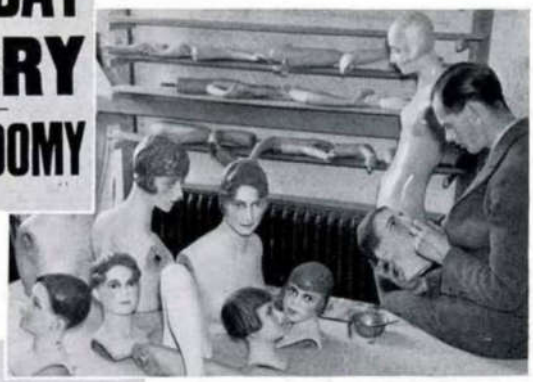
The Company's Eastern Arctic Supply Ship, S.S. "Nascopie" on which the Governor, Mr. P. Ashley Cooper, travels North this year.

Right: The new Fort Dease Post on Great Bear Lake near the Mining Activities.

Left: A London, England, Financial Times Poster displayed on London Streets the day after the Annual Meeting of Hudson's Bay Company.

Left: C. McCallum, most competent Boy Scout in Manitoba awarded by the Company the "Nascopie" trip into Eastern Arctic.

Below: "Back-stage" in the Company's Winnipeg Store. Wax display figures receiving "facials" from an expert.



COMPANY

Left: The Company Flag flying at the Masthead of the "Liard River," on Great Bear Lake.

NEWS

Below: Company's Ship "Fort James" which is being transferred from St. John's, Nfld., to Western Arctic via Panama.

Left: Stone marking the site of a Historic Well in Stromness, Orkney.

Above: One hundred and thirty-five years' service in the Company is the record of the Moore family. T. C. Moore, grandson, shown above, has 30 years to his credit. His father served for 40 years, his grandfather 55 years. Below: Cottages built by Company at Hebron and rented to the Eskimos for fifty cents a year.

Top: The HBC Hospital at Nain, Labrador Coast.

Left: F.F. Martin, Assistant General Manager, Retail Stores, with A. J. Watson, Manager of Victoria Store, at Uplands Golf Course, Victoria on 2nd May, 1934, HBC's 264th Birthday.

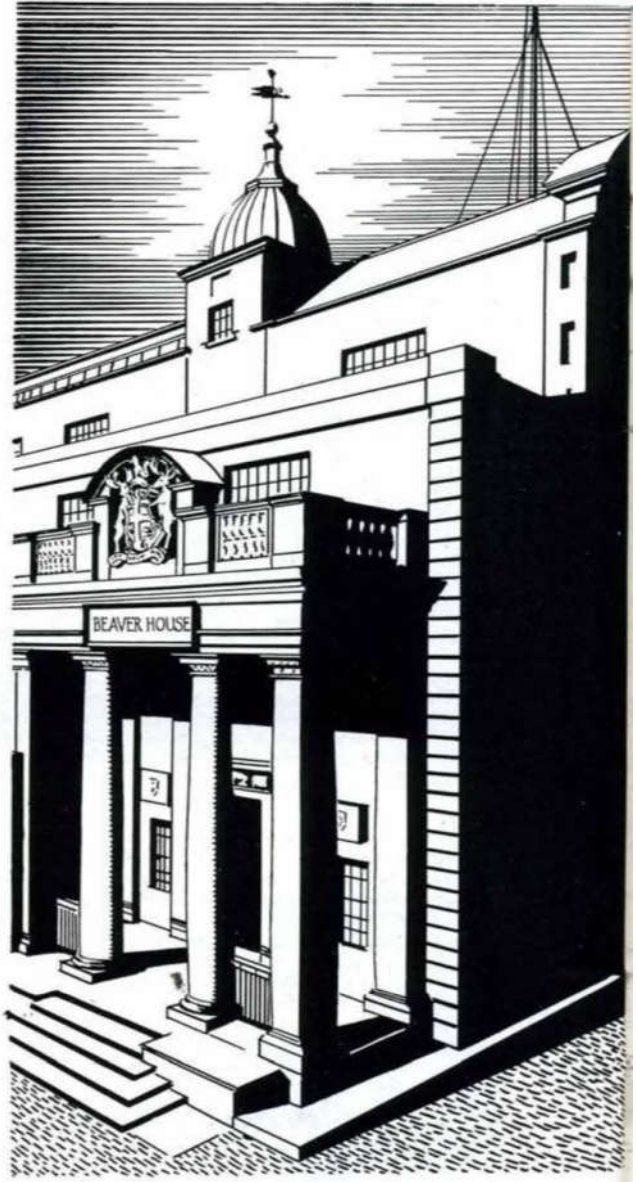
Below: S.S. "Distributor" at the Norman Oil Wells, Northwest Territories.

Above: Indian women dressing moose hides at Souris River. At left: Two old cannon from Fort Prince of Wales on Hudson Bay being shipped from Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg, to Toronto. They are being loaned to the City of Toronto for the restoration of the Old Fort there.

PICTURES

1934 General Court

THE annual General Court of the Company was held at Beaver Hall, London, on April 13, 1934, Mr. P. Ashley Cooper, Governor, presiding. The following extracts from the report circulated before the meeting will be of interest:



Accounts

The Proprietors will recollect that the results of the three previous periods ending 31st January, 1933, showed trading losses of £761,743 14s. 3d., £465,905 10s. 4d., and £52,205 6s. 2d. respectively. The trading results for the year under review, after making an allocation to provide for fluctuations in exchange, provision for Contingencies (£3,402), and for writing down certain British Government and municipal securities to redemption value (£13,258), show a profit of £213,866 5s. 3d. After charging Depreciation on Buildings, etc. (£199, 381 16s. 11d.), and other items in the Profit and Loss Account, there is a net profit of £28,753 1s. 5d., which the Board propose shall be carried forward.

Full provision has been made for British and Canadian taxation.

After allocating £7,867 8s. 0d. to the Capital Reserve Fund, the Land Account shows a deficit of £20,395 18s. 6d. This item has been dealt with by a transfer from the Saleshops Extension Account, which was provided out of the Land Account in 1913, and which now stands in the Balance Sheet at £122,265 3s. 2d.

Directors' Visits to Canada

The Governor visited Canada in 1933, inspecting the Company's establishments at Saskatoon, Edmonton, Fort St. James, Hazelton, Kitwanga, Prince Rupert, Vancouver, Victoria, Calgary, Winnipeg, Toronto and Montreal. As on previous occasions, all matters concerning the Company's affairs were discussed with the Chairman and Members of the Canadian Committee, the General Manager for Canada, the Departmental Managers, and with the local managers of the Company's establishments in each of the towns and posts visited.

The Deputy Governor also made an extended tour of Canada. He visited the whole of the Company's principal establishments, and subsequently met the Governor at Winnipeg, where they were able to review the situation together.

The General Manager for Canada, the Fur Trade Commissioner, and other senior officials in Canada visited London during the year under review. The Board regard these personal contacts between the directors and executive officers as of the highest importance in the promotion of the Company's interests.

General Conditions in Canada and Newfoundland

CANADA

Taking the Dominion of Canada as a whole, there have been during recent months marked indications of improvement in trade, although, unfortunately, in the three prairie provinces general conditions continue unfavourable.

Wheat—The wheat yield in 1933 was finally estimated at 269 million bushels as compared with the final estimate of 428 million bushels in 1932. The early growing conditions were fairly normal, but drought in June and July caused serious damage except in northern areas. Weather conditions during harvest time were not good, and the crop was the lowest for several years.

The mean price of No. 1 Northern Wheat at Fort William during the year was 61 cents a bushel, compared with 55 cents in 1932.

All field crop prices showed an increase, but, owing to the reduced yield, the total value was only $428,000,000 as compared with $445,000,000.

The International Wheat Committee met during the year to study the world wheat situation, particularly the question of the increase during recent years of stocks, to which reference was made in our report last year. This is a matter of particular concern to Canada, and the gradual diminution in demands of certain markets which formerly imported large quantities of Canadian wheat has created a serious situation. A minimum export quota of 200 million bushels has been allocated to Canada.

The curtailment by legislative action of wheat production in Canada in 1934 has been the subject of discussion between the Dominion and provincial governments.

Lumber—The forest industries, which are of primary importance, have shown increased activity, and with a good demand there has been a material reduction in lumber stocks. The reports from both British Columbia and the important lumbering areas in the eastern provinces indicate that lumbering operations in the past winter were on a larger scale than at any time since 1929-30.

Fisheries—The salmon pack in British Columbia for the season up to December last exceeded that for the corresponding period of the previous year. The prospects at the commencement of the season were encouraging, and prices showed some improvement over last year. It is anticipated, however, that the year's operations will prove unprofitable owing to a light run of the choicer varieties, and a large proportion of cheap grade fish.

Mining—There has been increasing activity in the mining industries, particularly in gold and nickel extraction. The total value of production in the mining industry for 1933, including the gold premium, amounted to $221,631,000 as against $191,228,000 last year.

Manufactures—The indices of industrial activity prepared by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics show that considerable recovery has been made during the year. The general production index, which stood at 62 in January 1933, had increased to 85 in December 1933.

Railways—The gross receipts of both the Canadian National Railways and the Canadian Pacific Railway again showed a decline, mainly owing to a decrease in the shipment of grain and grain products. It is satisfactory to note that since the end of 1933 the railways have enjoyed improved traffic returns.

Employment—The official report of 1st September last on employment recorded the first gain over the corresponding period of any preceding year since 1930, as well as the sharpest seasonal rise in em-

ployment since 1929, but the position is still unsatisfactory.

Government Industrial Enquiry — The Dominion Government has appointed a special parliamentary committee, drawn from the members of all parties and under the chairmanship of the minister of trade and commerce, to inquire into the spread between producer and consumer prices of farm products, and into wages and working conditions in certain industries. This committee is now taking evidence.

Banking—The report of the Macmillan Commission on the banking and monetary system of Canada was issued during the year under review.

The commission recommend the establishment of a central bank and a bill has been laid before the Dominion House of Commons embodying the main recommendations of the commission.

Taxation—Taxation (Dominion, provincial and municipal alike) presses with increasing weight on all classes of the population. The granting of financial assistance by the Dominion to the four western provinces has been the subject of long discussions between the respective governments. Without such assistance these provincial governments would find themselves in difficulties.

In the case of your Company the total Dominion, provincial and municipal taxes paid during the past year amounted to approximately $1,300,000 (£267,122 at par).

NEWFOUNDLAND

A Royal Commission reported during the year under review on the economic and financial situation of Newfoundland. By arrangement between the imperial and Newfoundland governments, the constitution has been suspended, and a commission consisting of the governor and six members has been appointed to administer the colony until such time as its present financial and other difficulties are solved.

Apart from the paper industry and certain mining developments, the mainstay of Newfoundland is its fisheries, the bulk of the products being marketed in Europe, the West Indies and South America.

The serious decline in the financial returns from the fishing industry has been due not only to the effect of the world depression but also to severe competition from producers in certain other countries. Conditions in Newfoundland have recently shown some indication of improvement and the new administration is giving close attention to the stimulation of this industry.

In considering the following sections dealing with the activities of the Company's various departments, the proprietors should bear in mind the conditions prevailing in Western Canada as set out in the foregoing paragraphs.

Land Department

On the 31st January, 1933, unsold lands in the possession of the Company amounted to 2,043,963 acres. During the year under review 21,931 acres were sold, and 61,563 acres reverted to the Company under cancelled sales.

164,975 acres were written off under circumstances similar to those referred to in previous reports. After other minor adjustments, 1,918,443 acres are shown in the memorandum entry on the Balance Sheet as at 31st January, 1934. The amount of land sold during the year—21,931 acres—realised £22,055, an average of £1 0s. 1d. per acre, as compared with 15,755 acres for £20,880, an average of £1 6s. 3d. per acre in the previous year.

Town lots realised £2,181, as compared with £1,477 during the previous year.

Taxes amounted to £76,143 13s. 11d. as compared with £98,300 14s. 5d. last year, and £124,149 6s. 2d. in the previous year. The continued activities of the Land Department officials in obtaining reductions in assessments has contributed materially to this reduction.

Collections were poor, particularly the instalments of capital which are credited to the land account. This has necessitated, for accounting purposes, a revision of the basis of allocation of the expenses of the department as between capital and revenue receipts. The previous basis which had been devised when collections were larger produced anomalous results when applied to reduced figures.

Notwithstanding the reduced collections, the results of the Land Department taken as a whole show an improvement over last year, but under the circumstances the difficulty of placing a definite value on the instalments outstanding will be appreciated.

Stores Department

The depression which started in 1929 found the Stores Department in the middle of a development programme which involved the complete transformation of the activities of that department.

The organisation available was not adequate to operate these extensions efficiently, and the difficulties of the depression were thereby accentuated. As pointed out in previous reports, subsequent years have been occupied in building up the organisation necessary to operate the undertaking to the fullest extent.

The tendency of customers to buy in small quantities has led to a further increase in the number of sale transactions, and the importance of a quick stock turn has been further emphasised. The customers' credit situation has been improved during the past year.

The heavy ratio of expense, common to departmental stores in North America, has, however, again been substantially reduced. Notwithstanding this reduction greater efficiency has been obtained, and the standard of the staff is being continually improved by further training.

Although operating conditions have been particularly difficult, the Board are able to report that, after charging depreciation, rent and interest on capital employed, the Stores Department shows a profit for the year under review.

Wholesale Department

The Wholesale Department, like the Stores Department, has felt the effect of the decreased buying capacity of the public. Nevertheless this department, conducted on the lines indicated in previous report, has shown a small profit and the Board's policy of concentrating on the more profitable sections of this department's business has been justified.

The sales of the Company's proprietary brands, particularly of tea, coffee and tobacco, indicate a steady increase in the popular demand for these articles.

The reputation enjoyed by the Company's famous "Point" blankets has been maintained. These blankets continue in demand for the purposes of polar and other expeditions in various parts of the world.

Fur Trade Department

Collections of furs for Outfit 263 were somewhat smaller than in the preceding outfit. During the period under review prices showed more stability, and in some cases increases were recorded. Prices obtained for silver foxes were on the whole satisfactory.

Further progress has been made in connection with the reorganisation of this department, and, whilst expenses have been again reduced, the efficiency of the personnel has been increased. Marked improvements have been made by all sections in their trading operations, and the heavy annual losses have been converted to a profit.

The number of posts operated during the year was 224, compared with 232 and 256 respectively in Outfits 262 and 261, and the number of fur purchasing agencies was 16, as compared with 14 and 13 in the previous two years.

Collaboration has been maintained with the Bureau of Animal Population of the University of Oxford with a view to taking advantage of such conclusions, arrived at as a result of the bureau's research, as may be useful to the Company's fur trade activities.

Assistance has again been rendered by the Company's organisation to various Arctic and other expeditions, notably the Italian trans-Atlantic flight under Marshal Balbo and the visit to Fort Rae of the Polar Year Expedition.

The proprietors will appreciate that in fur trade areas in the Far North the Company possesses mineral rights only in the comparatively small plots surrounding certain fur trade posts retained at the time of the Deed of Surrender. Nevertheless, steps are taken to secure such business as arises from time to time in connection with the outfitting and transportation of mining and prospecting expeditions in the areas referred to.

The Company's post at Moose Factory was honoured, in June last, by a visit from the Governor-General and the Countess of Bessborough.

Transport

The Board decided that, in view of the facilities afforded by steamships plying between this country and Canada, it was unnecessary to maintain the S.S. *Nascopie* in the United Kingdom during the winter as hitherto; the vessel therefore has been transferred to Canada to be managed in future by the Canadian Committee and to remain in Canadian waters.

It is interesting to note this important departure from previous practice. Since the first voyage of the *Nonsuch* in 1668, the Company has maintained ocean-going vessels in varying numbers which have regularly crossed the Atlantic. The departure of the S.S. *Nascopie* from the Clyde in June last probably marks the last of the annual trans-Atlantic voyages of the Company's supply ship after a period of 265 years.

This vessel made a successful voyage to Hudson Bay and to the Eastern Arctic posts.

With regard to the Western Arctic, the S.S. *Anyox* was chartered to transport supplies from Vancouver through the Behring Straits to Herschel Island for distribution to the various posts in those regions. Adverse ice conditions were encountered; the vessel suffered damage and in consequence had to return to Vancouver

without effecting delivery of the supplies. Arrangements, however, were made, and successfully carried out, to send supplies via the Athabasca and Mackenzie rivers and Aklavik.

The Company has continued to make use of aeroplane transport in those areas where such means of transport can be profitably employed.

Organisation and Personnel

Further reduction in expenses has been continued on careful and scientific lines without impairing efficiency or resulting in loss of business. The Board are pleased to report that the foundations of a sound administrative structure have now been well laid, and upon it the building up of an efficient organisation is proceeding.

The important question of personnel has been the subject of continuous study during the past year, and systematic training is proceeding in all departments.

As in previous years, the Governor, during his visit to Canada in 1933 addressed by wireless the staff of the Fur Trade at their posts.

The Board wish to record their appreciation of the work of the general manager for Canada and the London manager, and of the officials and staffs throughout the Company's organisation, to whose combined efforts is due the marked improvement shown in the accounts now submitted.

Canadian Committee

The Board desire to express their deep sense of loss by the death of Chief Factor James Thomson on the 23rd April, 1933, and to acknowledge the valued services rendered by him to the Company over a period of upwards of fifty years, for the last thirteen years of which he was a member of the Canadian Committee.

The Board also desire to acknowledge the co-operation and the invaluable service rendered by the Canadian Committee in the administration of the Company's affairs in Canada, and to express their great appreciation of the time and attention devoted by the committee to the interests of the Company, which have contributed materially to securing the greatly improved results during the year under review.

Directors

Acting under the powers conferred by the charter, the Board have elected Ian Patrick Robert Napier, Esq., to fill the vacancy on the Board caused by the death of Sir Evelyn Ashley Wallers. This election is subject to confirmation by the proprietors.

At the General Court the Governor supplemented the report by an address, from which the following points are taken:

Ladies and Gentlemen: It is less than two years ago that we were congratulating the proprietors and ourselves that Sir Evelyn Wallers had come to help us in our task of rebuilding the fortunes of this company. Now we have to record his untimely death. He was so clear in his thinking, so precise in his judgment and, withal, so pleasant a colleague to work with, that we on this board miss him greatly. To fill the vacancy we have appointed Mr. Ian Napier, whom we welcome here today and whose election you will be asked to confirm.

The report before you is so ample that I do not suppose you will expect me to do more than touch upon one or two special matters. To all of us I am sure that the most satisfactory item is the trading profit which we show against the heavy losses of the last three years. Moreover, whereas previously every department was contributing to the loss, now, I am glad to say, every department is contributing to the profit. These figures are better proof of the success of our work than anything I can say to you. (Hear, hear.)

Tours of Governor and Deputy Governor

And now, with your permission, I will tell you something of our year's work. Soon after the general meeting last year, the Deputy Governor, Sir Alexander Murray, set out for Canada, where, with the general manager, he made an extended tour which covered all our main places of business, and where he was able to study our operations and the men in charge. Later on in the year I had the benefit of meeting him with the members of the Canadian Committee in Winnipeg.

As in previous years, I made another extensive tour with Mr. Allan and Mr. Chester of our principal centres, and, in addition, I visited some of our fur trading posts in British Columbia.

You may have noticed in the report that among others I visited Fort St. James on Stuart Lake, and my visit happily coincided with the one hundred and fifth anniversary of the visit of Sir George Simpson. As many of you know, the greeting of Simpson by Chief Factor Douglas before the gates of the fort is the subject of a well-known picture. In those days this post was a most important one. There was no British Columbia as we know it today. All that district was called New Caledonia, and Fort St. James was known as "the Capital of New Caledonia." There was no road of any sort from the prairies to the coast.

Simpson records in his diary that, travelling from Lake Winnipeg to the Pacific Coast by way of Fort St. James, he proceeded up the Saskatchewan River and the Churchill River to the Height of Land, thence by the Clearwater, the Athabasca and Peace Rivers to Fort St. James, thence overland to Kamloops and down the Thompson and the Fraser Rivers to the Pacific Ocean, arriving near the site of the present city of Vancouver.

Time did not permit me to go farther north at this point, but here I was met by the manager of the next fur-trading post—Tacla Lake—and it will give you some idea of the difficulty of communication when I tell you that he had to come one hundred and twenty-five miles by canoe.

After my visit to the Pacific Coast I returned to Winnipeg, where I had the benefit of further discussions with the members of the Canadian Committee. Moreover, as in previous years, through the kindness of Mr. Allan, I was able to meet the principal business men in the cities we visited.

Growing Public Regard

There is one most gratifying feature which I notice as each visit to Canada succeeds another—a feature of the utmost importance to us—that is the growing regard which the public, in all the cities in which we operate, has for our Company. It is true that our long and stirring history will always strike a note in the imagination of the people, but year by year, as our organization is built up, our fellow citizens in Canada realize that here is no institution which is content to rest on its romantic past, but is one which is playing its part in the forefront of the nation's economic development. I would go so far as to say that nothing has struck the imagination of the communities among whom we work more than the fact that the very period which has been so marked by depression has been the period in which the Hudson's Bay Company has made a most significant advance, both in its share of the public's business and of the public's good will.

General Impressions

My general impressions of my tour in Canada may be summed up in a word. Trading conditions have remained most difficult, but everywhere throughout the whole organization there is evidence of steady improvement in the administrative structure and the systematic building up and training of an efficient staff; and, when I say this to you, I know that the Deputy Governor, the board, and the Canadian Committee share these views.

The Fur Trade

Now, to turn for a moment to the individual departments, let me take the fur trade. In the first instance, I should like to emphasize how much we owe to the great efforts of our fur trade commissioner, Chief Factor Ralph Parsons. The great improvement has been largely brought about by his own able and untiring efforts. This department, which caused so much anxiety, has at last contributed to our profits. The rise in fur prices and the appreciation in the pound sterling have helped in some degree, but the main reason is the better and more permanent one—that the department has been tuned up all round and is much more efficient today than it has been for many years.

But you must never lose sight of the fact that there are highly speculative elements in this trade and that our operations are carried on in a keenly competitive field and are sensitive to rapid changes in fur values.

The growth of fur farming in Canada is an important factor in our fur trading operations, and we are watching this aspect of the business closely. In addition to our interest in fox farms, we now have a beaver sanctuary and a muskrat farm. There are other changes taking place in the fur trade, but you can rest assured that both the board and the Canadian Committee are watching them unceasingly.

Stores Department

As all of you know, for several years past our departmental stores have been one of our big problems. I have told you on previous occasions of the steps which we were taking to solve that problem. You will, therefore, have seen with particular satisfaction in the report that, after making full provision for depreciation, this department made a profit. Mr. Chester has made this department his special care, and I am sure you will appreciate what a tremendous amount of effort and thought have been necessary to bring about this result.

Moreover, I want you to realize that the economic tide was running against us during the year, and the fact that we have not only held our own but have made headway is due to the improvement in personnel and the high level of managerial ability which

has been displayed. In these recent years this question of personnel has had the unremitting attention of all of us, and now we are beginning to reap the fruits. The improved returns are only partly the result of further economies. They are due to better business methods. I think you will agree that this is a positive achievement which augurs well for the future.

The European buying arrangements, to which I referred last year, have now been tested out thoroughly, and I am glad to tell you that they have given satisfaction to our partners, the Robert Simpson Company Limited, and to ourselves.

Land Department

This department has felt the full force of the serious conditions affecting the farming communities. The fact that the results of the year show some improvement indicates the efficiency of the department in no uncertain way, and is a testimony to Mr. Joslyn, the manager, and his staff. Some of you have at previous meetings referred to the tremendous burden of taxation, and I can assure you that everything possible is being done to reduce it.

In this connexion it is gratifying to find the reduction in tax rates by a large number of municipalities. Many of them have been able to balance their budgets and reduce taxes to the farmers as well.

Collections have again been very slow, and this is not surprising in view of the innumerable difficulties which still prevail with agriculture, and at the moment I see no immediate prospect of improvement. Collections have been particularly affected in those districts which have suffered successive crop failures. As I have told you on previous occasions, it is the policy of the Canadian Committee to make concessions wherever individual circumstances justify them, but, in view of recent legislation and the action of other creditor corporations, general concessions in many cases have also been made.

Wholesale Department

There is nothing further to tell you about this department beyond what you see in the report, except to add that, through the energy of Mr. Veysey and his staff, the sales of all the articles which we handle have increased.

The Company's Archives

Since the incorporation of the company in 1670 there has been a steady collection of books, documents, etc., relating to the company's various administrations in North America, and these, together with the volumes accumulated in London throughout the centuries, form an enormous mass of archival material which, prior to 1924, lay stored in packing cases in the vaults of the company's warehouse at Lime Street. Since that date the archives have been stored in various parts of the company's buildings.

While we have been busy overhauling our commercial operations, we have not neglected these archives, because we recognize the responsibility to posterity which this stewardship entails. Professor Coupland, of Oxford University, and Mr. Hilary Jenkinson, of the Public Record Office, were invited to inspect them and advise us.

As a result the archives are now being classified, catalogued, and generally arranged in accordance with the scheme suggested by them. We are much indebted to those gentlemen for their advice and assistance, and we hope that in due course we shall have this unique collection in a shape which will make it readily accessible to historical research students. Moreover, in consultation with the Canadian Committee, we have made adequate arrangements to maintain the continuity of our archives.

"The Beaver"

Since 1920, the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of your company, we have issued from our head office in Winnipeg a house magazine entitled *The Beaver*, which has been mainly concerned with the staff and their activities—what one might call matters of "domestic" interest. We have recently enlarged the scope of this "magazine of the North" and widened its appeal. In a far-flung organization such as this, with staffs occupied with so many diverse interests, one of the matters which are constantly before us is the necessity for welding the whole staff into one great army, all working for "the company."

We are endeavouring by many means to achieve this end, and we feel that a successful house magazine is a powerful factor in helping us to accomplish this. I feel that we have now a periodical of which we may justly be proud and one which may be ranked in the forefront of magazines of this type. Outside the company it circulates to many, and wherever it goes it is well received.

General Conditions

I have now told you of our year's work and have dealt with our main departments. Our report gives in some detail information about the areas in which we operate and particulars of the chief trades and industries of Canada. I cannot do better than repeat to you that in the broad survey of Canada today there has been a distinct improvement in all the provinces with the exception of the three prairie provinces, the prosperity of which depends upon agriculture.

Following the Economic Conference held in London last summer, Mr. Bennett, the prime minister of Canada, served as chairman of the important committee which signed the International Wheat Agreement. While this agreement cannot bring immediate relief to Canada, I am hopeful that, if it is continued, it will at least produce some stabilization in the wheat situation.

During the conference the Governor and Committee had the honour of entertaining the prime minister of Canada at Hudson's Bay House, a privilege which we greatly appreciated.

Outlook for the Prairie Provinces

The immediate future for the prairie provinces does not look rosy, but I do not despair. Those of you who have studied the world's economic history know quite well that unseen factors may act with surprising rapidity and change the situation, and we must not forget that these provinces contain an energetic and courageous population.

You can find a striking example of rapid change in the province of British Columbia. A year ago the lumber business was practically dead and the United States tariff against lumber seemed to have given that industry a very severe blow. Mining was quiet and fish prices were at a low level. But during the year the lumber business revived, fish prices improved, and the mining industry became very active, with the result that there has been a very distinct business improvement throughout the whole of that province.

But apart from the general economic depression from which Canada is suffering, in common with other countries, she has three very serious problems of her own—the burden of public debt, the railway situation, and the costs of all forms of government. We can say without hesitation that Canada's return to prosperity will be materially hindered until she has solved these three problems.

The Unemployment Problem

Canada's unemployment problem has been of smaller dimensions than that of the United States, which has had to enact a National Industrial Recovery Act and to create public works and civil works administrations for the expenditure of thousands of millions of dollars in providing employment. All the same the Dominion government has had to go to the assistance of some of the provinces and municipalities, especially in the West.

So far, too, Canada has been able to avoid the introduction of the industrial codes which, by reducing hours and raising wages and prices, have become important factors—indeed, it is now said, permanent factors—in United States industries without, however, materially assisting primary producers.

The misfortunes of the latter are common to the United States and Canada and to all countries where people are largely dependent for a living on agricultural and other primary products. In addition to creating a farm credit administration to arrange for the refunding of farm debts and mortgages, the United States has created an agricultural adjustment administration to control the production of agricultural products: *e.g.*, cotton, wheat, corn, pigs. Farmers are to receive compensation for restriction of output, the money being found out of processing taxes, thereby passing on the cost to the consumer.

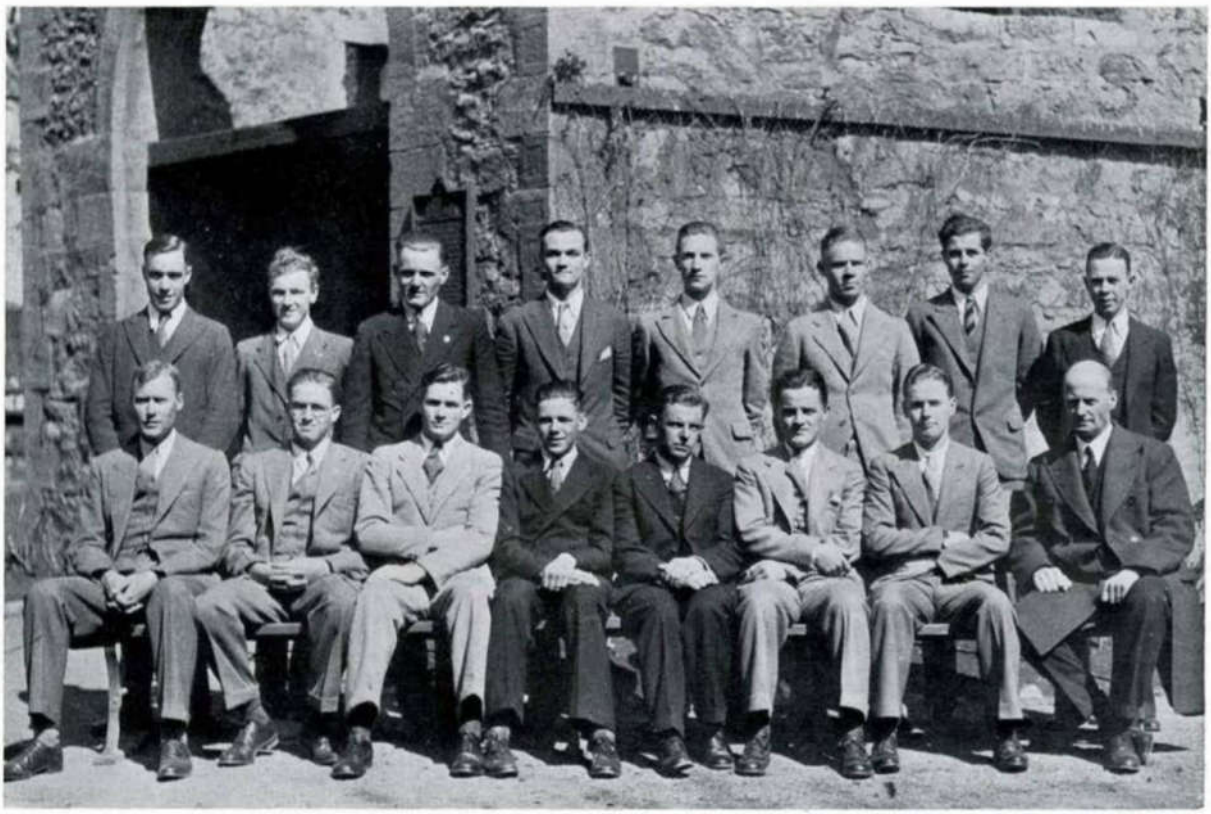
Tribute to Managers and Staff

I have kept for the last the subject which those of you who have been present at our meetings know I regard as the rock on which our whole structure rests—a group of managers and staff, loyal, able, and energetic. I do not need to ask you whether we have such a group; the results before you speak for themselves.

To Mr. Chester, our general manager in Canada, to Mr. Stacpole, our London manager, and to the managers and staffs of this company and its subsidiary companies you and I owe no ordinary gratitude for their unfailing loyalty and devotion to duty. I tell you that I believe—and the board and the Canadian Committee are with me in this belief—that we have now a *personnel* organization of which we may well be proud. I am sure you will wish to convey to them all a message of appreciation and good wishes. (Applause.)

The Future

From what I have told you and what you know of conditions yourselves you will readily understand how difficult it is to say anything about the future. The last twelve months, despite their difficulties and anxieties, have nevertheless been a time of steadily increasing hope. They have brought us in this company tangible proof that we are travelling on the right road and that our efforts are beginning to reap their reward. (Applause.)



Chief Factor Ralph Parsons, the Fur Trade Commissioner, photographed with fourteen Apprentice Clerks who have signed on for service at the Company's Fur Trade posts on Hudson Bay, at the inland and Arctic posts. They leave for the posts to which they have been appointed early in June this year. The photograph was taken at Fort Garry Gate in Winnipeg. Seated, right to left: Chief Factor Ralph Parsons; Apprentices M. Park, F. K. Griffin, C. B. Spillan, J. N. Tod, J. C. Ross and D. R. Sheffield; R. H. G. Bonnycastle, Manager, Western Arctic District. Standing, right to left; Apprentices W. L. Parkin, J. Hope-Brown, J. R. McMurchy, D. G. Sturrock, I. L. Wilson, G. H. Burnham, D. G. Lemon and B. Wilson. Apprentices J. J. Wood and Ian Law unfortunately could not be present for the photograph.

THE FUR TRADE

Commissioner's Office

The S.S. *Nascopie* will be supplying the Hudson Bay and Eastern Arctic posts again this year. Captain Thos. F. Smellie is now in St. John's getting the vessel ready for the voyage and she is scheduled to sail from Montreal July 7. For the first time in the history of the Company, the Governor of the Company will this year make the passage into Hudson Bay. The Governor and Mrs. Cooper intend to join the *Nascopie* at Montreal and to make the trip on her to Churchill, calling at the intermediate posts. Chief Factor Parsons will accompany the Governor on this trip revisiting the territories which he was so largely responsible for opening up during the past twenty-five years.

Transferred to the Western Arctic, the M.S. *Fort James* left St. John's, Newfoundland, April 24, on her long voyage via the Panama canal to that district. When she has completed this voyage, she will have the distinction of being the only vessel to have circumnavigated the North American continent. In 1928-29 she went in as far as King William Land from the eastern side, and this year it is proposed that she will proceed as far as King William Land from the western side. The vessel is under the command of Captain A. Snelgrove, and R. J. Summers is mate.

J. W. Anderson, district manager of James Bay, spent a few weeks in Winnipeg during May.

J. LeM. Jandron visited Gillam and Wabowden recently and is at present relieving at Senneterre.

W. Black visited Fort Alexander and recently has been engaged at posts in the British Columbia and Mackenzie-Athabasca districts.

Definite arrangements have now been completed to open a fur farm at Bird's Hill about fifteen miles from Winnipeg. The site chosen appears to be an ideal one for the purpose, and it is expected that construction will be started within a few weeks.

Reports being received from the McLure and MacKinnon Fur Farms Limited and from the Mingan Fur Farm indicate greatly increased production this season.

The following have been transferred to the Mackenzie River Transport service for the summer season: J. Neely, J. G. Woolison, O. Rheaume, R. F. Bassett, W. G. Garden, R. Wilson, D. Patterson and F. Lugrin.

P. Carey will be looking after the Nelson River transport at Churchill this season.

A number of very promising young apprentices were engaged recently in Winnipeg and have been allocated to the following districts: James Bay, F. K. Griffin, J. H. Brown; Saskatchewan, J. C. Ross, D. G. Lemon, D. Sheffield, W. Parkin, C. Spillan; Western Arctic, Geo. Burnham, I. Wilson, D. Sturrock, I. Law, J. J. Wood; Superior-Huron, M. Park, J. R. McMurchy, B. Wilson; Nelson River, J. Tod.

On the eve of his retirement, owing to ill-health, after twenty-three years' service, Factor Hugh Conn was the guest of honour at a Fur Trade dinner held in the Fort Garry hotel on the evening of April 27. A native of Northern Ireland, Mr.

Conn entered the service in 1911 and was successively in charge of the Company's posts at Elk Lake, Cochrane and The Pas. In 1925 he was appointed general inspector, and in 1931 he took over his present position as district manager of the Nelson River district. During the evening Mr. Conn was made the recipient of parting gifts from members of the staff of the district and from colleagues in the fur trade. The presentations were made by Chief Factor Parsons, who made fitting reference to Mr. Conn's many years of faithful service. Mr. Conn has left for County Londonderry, where he will in future reside, and carries with him the best wishes of his associates in the fur trade. His duties have now been taken over by W. E. Brown, who has been associated with the district for a number of years.

Among visitors at the Fur Trade Commissioner's office during the past few months we note the following: Father Lefebvre, of the Roman Catholic mission; J. D. J. Forbes, managing director of the London fur sales; Gen. MacBrien, commissioner of the R.C.M. Police; C. J. Brittain, vice-president Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Company; A. B. Purvis, president Canadian Industries Limited; C. Landeau, of Landeau & Cormack; Pilots Gilbert and Kenyon, of Canadian Airways; J. Darwich, of Fort Rae, and "Mickey" Ryan, of Fort Smith. Cornwallis King and Joseph Hodgson, both pensioners, were also recent welcome visitors.

The Fur Trade Commissioner made a tour of western points during February and March, among the places visited being Regina, Saskatoon, Prince Albert, Edmonton, Calgary, Prince Rupert, Port Simpson, Vancouver, Victoria and Seattle, besides posts in the British Columbia district.

H. P. Warne, who returned early in March from attending the London winter sales, accompanied the Fur Trade Commissioner on part of his western itinerary, and more recently they travelled east to meet N. E. Beynes, technical superintendent of the London fur warehouse, on his arrival at New York. Mr. Beynes is making an extended visit to the main fur centres in Canada and the United States, and before coming on to Winnipeg they stopped over at Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and North Bay, where Mr. Beynes had an opportunity of meeting the members of the staff and customers of the Fur Trade and the London warehouse.

During her visits to Canada, Mrs. Ashley Cooper has taken a very keen interest in everything pertaining to the fur trade and has always been particularly impressed with the part played by the wives of employees at Fur Trade posts. Unfortunately it has not always been possible for her to make the same direct contacts as the Governor has done, but she decided that what she could not always do directly she could at any rate do indirectly. Accordingly, before she left for England last autumn, she arranged that, if we would notify her, she would present a silver spoon, suitably engraved, to each child born to the wives of regular employees at any of the Fur Trade posts on or after June 1, 1933. We are sure that the staff, and more particularly the wives, will appreciate Mrs. Cooper's generosity and thoughtfulness.

It is with regret that we have to announce the death, on March 7, of C. G. Wilson, a former employee of the Company, but during later years manager of the Dominion Fur Sales, Winnipeg. Geo. Milne has been appointed to succeed the late Mr. Wilson as manager of the fur sales.

British Columbia District

Since the last issue of *The Beaver*, we have had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Geo. W. Allan, K.C., Chairman of the Canadian Committee; Mr. P. A. Chester, General Manager; Mr. R. Parsons, Fur Trade Commissioner; Mr. C. E. Joslyn, Manager of the Land Department; Mr. R. H. G. Bonnycastle, Manager of Western Arctic district; and Mr. R. Bassett, of the F.T.C.O. The Fur Trade Commissioner also visited Hazelton, Kitwanga and Fort St. James posts.

Another visitor to the district was Mr. Wm. Gibson, who accompanied the Fur Trade Commissioner to Hazelton and returned from that point to Winnipeg.

In January and February the district manager visited the following points: Port Simpson, Prince Rupert, Prince George, Fort St. James, Old Fort Babine, Babine, Tacla and Hazelton. In April he visited Bella Coola and Prince Rupert, and left again on 13th May on an inspection of the following posts: McLeod's Lake, Fort Grahame, Whitewater, Telegraph Creek, Dease Lake, McDames Creek and Liard.

Our best wishes for happiness are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Vern Hawken, of Hazelton post, who were married on 21st April. The bride is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Russell, Hazelton post.

The post office at Dease Lake was closed on 1st April. Mail for that point is now delivered at Telegraph Creek.

Supplies for the Charles E. Bedaux expedition will be assembled at Whitewater post. The party, consisting of about thirty persons, has arranged to leave Fort St. John early in June, travelling, by means of tractors and pack-horses, across country to Telegraph Creek, proceeding via Whitewater to Sifton Pass, thence west to Dease Lake and south to Telegraph Creek, arriving at the coast about the middle of October.

At the coast we have enjoyed an exceptionally fine and mild spring, April of this year having been the warmest on record for Vancouver and vicinity. Mild weather has also prevailed in the North, and an early season is expected at the interior posts. Ice on the Stikine river broke on the 23rd April.

Mackenzie-Athabasca District

Among the recent visitors to the district office were: Mr. R. J. Gourley, member of the Canadian Committee; Messrs. H. P. Warne, W. Black, and L. F. Pearce, of Winnipeg; I. M. Mackinnon, of Le Goff post, and J. J. Loutit, of Fort Chipewyan post.

Excellent progress is being made on the new store at Fort McMurray and it is expected that it will be ready for occupation by the middle of June. Messrs. R. H. Trouth Company Limited, of Edmonton, are the contractors.

As is usual at this time of the year, members of the Transport Department staff are passing through Edmonton on their way north to commence their summer duties. Everyone expects the coming season to be the busiest yet experienced.

During April and May the district manager visited Fort McMurray, Wabasca, Chipewyan Lake, Trout Lake, Stoney Point, Fort Vermilion and Little Red River posts.

J. J. Loutit paid a visit to Winnipeg, visiting the depot, in April. Returning to Edmonton, he selected further stock; and after building a scow at Fort McMurray, he made his usual spring trading trip down the Athabasca river.

Much distress has been caused by floods along the Peace river and around Lake Athabasca. Not since 1889 has such high water been experienced. In places it has risen eighty feet above its customary spring high water mark. The Peace river has had difficulty in emptying into the Slave river and has cut new channels into Lake Athabasca. Residents along its course have lost property of all kinds and many trappers have lost their entire winter's fur catch. Around Lake Athabasca residents had to take refuge on platforms erected high on tree branches. At Fort Vermilion our buildings escaped serious damage, but at Little Red River several buildings were washed away and considerable stock lost.

Miss Helen Smith, of the district office staff, severed her connection with the Company in April. Her father was accidentally killed during the previous month and her mother wished to reside in future in British Columbia.

O. Rheaume, late post manager at Grouard, has taken over the duties of agent for the Transport Department at Peace River.

Mackenzie River Transport

Navigation has started on the Mackenzie river basin and S.S. *Northland Echo* and M.B. *Canadusa* left Waterways with five barges loaded with freight for Fort Fitzgerald and the North on Friday morning, 11th May.

A large quantity of lumber and materials for building new tugs and barges for service north of Fort Smith was on board. This season two new tugs, each powered with two 72 h.p. Fairbanks-Morse engines, and a 150-ton barge are being built by Captain John Matheson, Edmonton, while three smaller boats are being built in our own yards under supervision of J. A. Davis.

The river bank at Waterways was damaged by the spring freshets and it was fortunate that our warehouses were moved back last fall, as the old site was partly washed away.

It is reported that extensive damage has been done by ice at Fort Smith and at Gravel Point shipyard, but the extent is not known. The Peace river "went out" earlier than usual and the resultant floods inundated large areas in lower Peace river and around Fort Chipewyan.

Col. H. G. Reid arrived at Waterways on 9th May and immediately flew north to Fort Smith by the first plane to inspect the damage done there.

The permanent staff left Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg, towards the end of April, and are expecting a good summer.

G. H. McKay visited Peace River en route to Waterways and then spent a few days in Edmonton on business.

Western Arctic District

Wm. Gibson arrived in Winnipeg from his furlough in Ireland on Feb. 19 and spent some time at district office, later proceeding to the fur purchasing agency at Edmonton for a few days, and also Hazelton post in British Columbia for the study of fur buying and merchandising methods respectively. He then left Waterways for Coppermine on March 22 with Canadian Airways Limited. He had originally planned to go to Cambridge Bay with dogs from there, but fortunately managed to make connections with Pilot Matt Berry, of Mackenzie Air Service Limited, who was flying to that point for the Canalaska Trading Company, and thus made the trip in three hours instead of about ten days.

Considerable uneasiness was felt later, however, when we discovered that Matt Berry had not got back to Coppermine fifteen days later, being unreported during that time. Several anxious days followed before Stan MacMillan, of Mackenzie Air Service, flew to Cambridge Bay to search for Berry and discovered him marooned there with a broken undercarriage and damaged wing. Nobody was hurt, but the machine had to be left and Berry flew out with MacMillan. Mr. Gibson continued his inspection trip with dogs from Cambridge Bay and will wind up at Coppermine again before break-up.

W. F. Joss came out on furlough in March, after completing almost six years' service in and around Coronation Gulf. He travelled from his post at Richardson Island to Fort Hearne by dog team, flew from there to McMurray and, after a brief visit at district office, embarked at New York for Glasgow and Inverurie. We are expecting him back to work in August.

Other aeroplane travellers from the Arctic in March included Patsy Klengenberg, his brothers Andrew and Jorgen, and Jimmy Lythgoe. The brothers were reluctantly compelled to leave the trap line early in order to come to Vancouver for the purpose of getting their father's estate cleared up. They have now accomplished this and are purchasing a real schooner, which they will take back to the Arctic from Vancouver themselves and assist in the distribution of the Company's freight as well as their own. We look for them to be the first arrivals at Herschel Island this season.

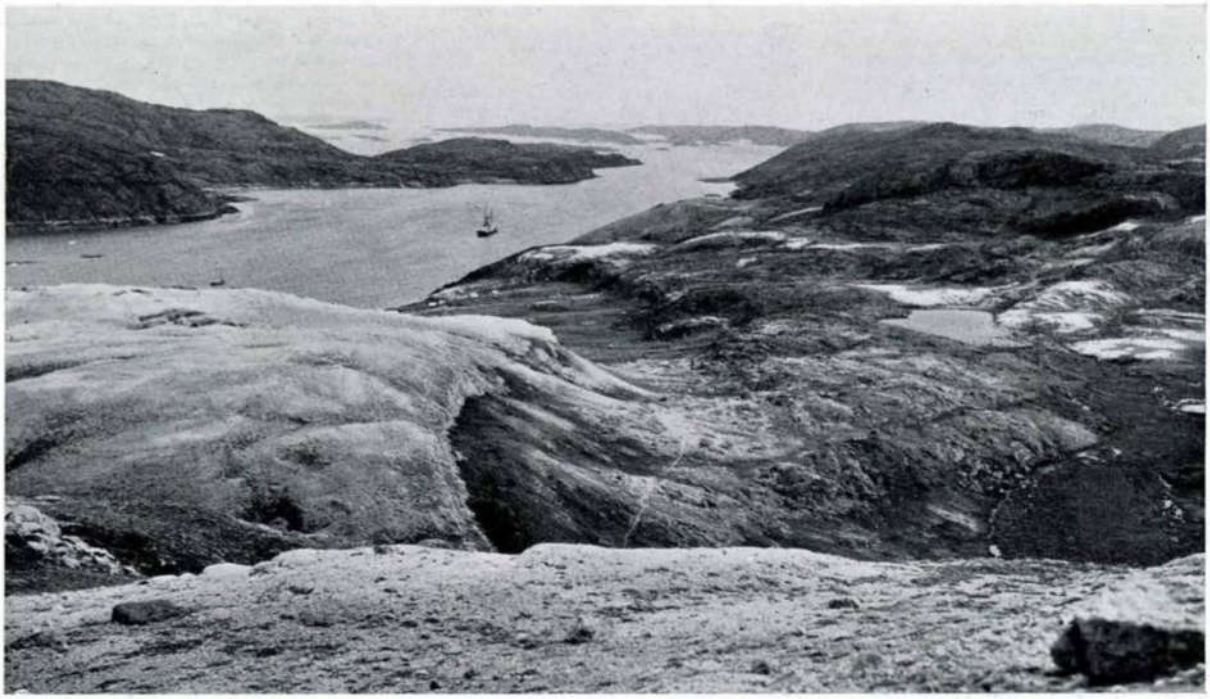
A very commendable flight was made by Matt Berry, of Mackenzie Air Service, from Coppermine to King William Land and back in March. We were glad to hear through this source that L. A. Learmonth and A. Gavin had reached King William Land safely last fall with the schooner *Polar Bear* after a hazardous trip through storms and shoal waters. It was a commendable piece of work taking the schooner in there without mishap of any kind over what was, to them, a new route.

We claim to be nothing if not up-to-date, and this season a model 1934 V-8 Ford Snow Flyer or Snowmobile is being shipped to Coronation Gulf for inspection work next winter. This is an extremely interesting experiment and is one which we think will revolutionize Arctic winter travel. All modern improvements are incorporated, including a tropic aire heater for the cab and a six-wheel caterpillar track at the rear, with both skis and wheels on the front axle.

The *Fort James* sailed from St. John's, Newfoundland, for Vancouver on April 24th, and at this date is nearing the Panama canal. She is scheduled to clear Vancouver for the Arctic on June 25th, and we are looking for her early arrival at Herschel Island. R. J. Summers is mate and will be welcomed back to the Western Arctic after his absence last summer.

P. Patmore is preparing for the trip down the Mackenzie to establish our new transport depot at Tuktoyaktuk, where he will be in charge of all arrangements for transfer of freight from the Mackenzie River vessels to the *Fort James* and other schooners. Through the accident to the *Anyox*, Mr. Patmore was also missed in the Western Arctic last year after many years' unbroken voyages and his numerous friends will be glad to welcome him back.

Five new apprentices have been engaged for service in the district and will go north by way of the Mackenzie river to their various destinations between Aklavik and King William Land. These lucky young



The Company's ship S.S." Nascopie" at anchor in Lake Harbour, Baffinland. The Company's post is at the foot of the hill from which this photograph was taken, and was the pioneer establishment of the Hudson's Bay Company in Baffinland. It was built in the summer of 1911 by Chief Factor Ralph Parsons, the present Fur Trade Commissioner, while he was district manager of the old Hudson Strait district. The post is well named, being situated at the head of an inlet twenty miles long with an average width of two or three miles, up which the supply ship is taken by an Eskimo pilot. Winter sets in early at Lake Harbour, freeze up usually being about the middle of October and break up not until early July. The winter, though long, is not unduly severe, for the Company post, mission and R.C.M.P. post at the head of the harbour are protected by hills from the violent storms of the coast. Lake Harbour is popularly called the capital of Baffinland.

men, who have an interesting and strenuous life ahead of them, are Ian L. Wilson, John J. Wood, Donald G. Sturrock, Geo. H. Burnham and Ian Law.

Geo. W. McLeod, who carried out repairs to the schooner *Aklavik* two years ago, is returning to the Western Arctic this year to build for us at Tuktoyaktuk and several other posts. He will spend some fifteen months with us this time.

Owing to the unprecedented ice conditions in the Western Arctic last summer, a number of the Eskimo schooners were unable to return from Banksland to replenish their supplies at Herschel Island. This winter when practically out of supplies, Jim Wolki and two Eskimos essayed the crossing from Banksland to the mainland, a distance of some one hundred miles over moving ice floes, by dog team. After being repeatedly cut off by open leads which they could not cross for days and weeks at a time, they eventually reached the mainland in very straightened circumstances after a trip which for pluck and endurance can seldom have been surpassed in Arctic annals. They got new supplies at Letty Harbour post, and after recuperating set out again to return to their families.

All members of the staff to whom Walter E. Gilbert, of Canadian Airways Limited, is well known will wish to join in the well deserved congratulations showered upon him for winning the McKee trophy coveted amongst Canadian air men.

R. H. G. Bonnycastle visited Edmonton and Vancouver in connection with Western Arctic business at the end of March and is leaving for the Arctic via the Mackenzie river on June 1st.

Saskatchewan District

Considerable difficulty was experienced in making delivery of supplies to all posts in the Isle a la Crosse and Lac la Ronge sectors this winter, due to the extremely poor ice conditions that prevailed. The contractor, however, was successful in getting through to all posts with the exception of Souris River, the final deliveries being made on April 10. Part of the Souris River post supplies were finally shipped by aeroplane and arrangements made to ship the balance by scow from Lac la Ronge.

The district manager returned to Winnipeg on April 10, after inspecting all posts in the Keewatin sector of the district and a number of posts in the Saskatchewan sector. The aeroplane conveying Mr. Talbot from Cross Lake to Oxford House had a forced landing, but no damage was sustained. Due to the ground conditions, the aeroplane was unable to take off until next morning, Mr. Talbot and the pilot having to spend the night in the open.

F. J. Mitchell, manager at Montreal Lake post, was married at Regina on March 5 to Miss Hardy, of Regina, Saskatchewan. All members of the staff extend to Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell their heartiest wishes for their future happiness.

G. C. M. Collins, manager at Norway House post, arrived in Winnipeg on April 16 to undergo an operation. Mr. Collins was relieved at Norway House by C. H. J. Winter, who returned to Canada recently after spending a few months' holiday in England. We are glad to report that Mr. Collins has now fully recovered from his operation and intends returning to Norway House by aeroplane.

Arrangements have been completed by Captain T. Pollock, of the Selkirk Navigation Company, to transfer the sailing point of the boat S.S. *Keenora* from Selkirk to Winnipeg for the coming season. The S.S. *Keenora* is scheduled to leave Winnipeg for her first trip on May 26.

Nelson River District

It was with the greatest regret that all members of the Nelson River district said good-bye to Hugh Conn, district manager since 1931, who has had to retire from the service on account of ill health. All who have worked under Mr. Conn have the highest respect for his capabilities, and all feel that by his departure they are losing a friend. We wish him all happiness in his retirement. W. E. Brown has been appointed acting district manager and has taken up residence in Winnipeg.

C. H. J. Winter returned from furlough during the latter part of March. He has been transferred to Saskatchewan district and is now at Norway House.

D. O. Morris, master of the M.S. *Fort Severn*, arrived in Winnipeg and is now in the fur purchasing agency, pending his departure for Churchill.

H. Moore, who spent the winter at Caribou post, is now at Churchill, where he will again take up his duties as chief engineer on the M.S. *Fort Severn*.

Arrangements have been made whereby Pat Carey, of The Pas fur purchasing agency, will be in charge of transport operations at Churchill during the 1934 freighting season.

We take this opportunity of welcoming John Tod to our district. He will be stationed at Pukatawagan post.

It is with regret that we announce the death of S. Sigurdson on March 19th in the Winnipeg General Hospital. Mr. Sigurdson, up to the time of his recent illness, operated a general store at Churchill. We extend our deepest sympathy to his family.

Among the out-of-town visitors at this office during the last quarter were the following: Bishop Dewdney, G. Kydd, H. Weber, H. Kenyon and H. M. Kennedy.

Hugh Conn and W. E. Brown returned April 5 from an inspection trip to the Nelson River district posts in northern Manitoba. The following posts were visited in the course of the trip: Pukatawagan, Nelson House, Wabowden, Shamattawa, York Factory, Gillam, Churchill and Caribou. All members of the staff at the posts visited were enjoying good health.

On the occasion of Mr. Conn's visit to York Factory, he presented T. C. Moore with a gold medal for thirty years' faithful service in the Company. We extend our heartiest congratulations to Mr. Moore and hope that he will long continue to serve the Company.

W. J. Harvey, of Churchill post, spent a few days recently in Winnipeg, a part of which time was spent in the General Hospital. We are pleased to report that he has now recovered his health and has returned to Churchill.

We take pleasure in announcing the birth of a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Keighley, of Caribou post.

Superior-Huron District

Brigadier W. G. Beeman, officer commanding Military District No. 10, and party paid a visit to Hudson a short time ago in connection with Lac Seul Project No. 51.

The "flying padre," Father Coutoure, paid visits to a number of his churches during the past winter.

Minaki Lodge, the Canadian National Railways' summer hotel at Minaki, is to open for the current summer's tourist trade. This fact should be the means of stimulating trade at this popular summer resort. Minaki Lodge was not operated during the summer of 1933.

Considerable sickness was evident during the winter amongst the Long Lake band, and a number of natives had to be sent to the hospital at Port Arthur for treatment.

The Ontario Hydro Electric Power Commission are now erecting a power development plant at North Cedar Falls, situated near Osnaburgh post. When completed, power from this plant will be supplied to the Pickle Crow Mining Company and the Central Patricia Mines.

Major Chetwynd, officer in charge of the detimbering project on Lac Seul, paid a visit to district office in March.

Macdonald's Consolidated Limited, wholesale grocers, have established a small branch at Sioux Lookout, Ontario.

The hunting of musquash all through the district has been somewhat retarded owing to the very late break-up. In many localities ice still holds on the lakes and rivers at the time of going to press.

B. C. Lemon, manager of Dinorwic post, was married to Miss Nellie Moodie, of Winnipeg, on April 14. We wish this young couple every happiness and prosperity.

Alterations to the Company's buildings at Cavell have recently been effected. These were necessary as a result of the fire which destroyed the store last fall.

An aeroplane equipped with skis made the last trip of the winter season from Hudson to Red Lake on the 30th April.

We are pleased to report that Apprentice A. Riach, who had two toes amputated as a result of frostbite, has thoroughly recovered, and has proceeded to Allanwater.

Our sympathy is extended to J. L. P. Plamondon, clerk at Gogama, whose mother, sister and niece lost their lives in a fire which occurred at Mattice in February.

The following post managers have recently visited district office: J. E. Holden, Red Lake; L. Yelland, Minaki; W. R. Cargill, Sioux Lookout; D. H. Learmonth, Hudson; and S. A. Taylor, Long Lake.

J. Walsh, clerk at Red Lake, resigned from the service in April, owing to ill health.

The following young men have been added to the staff of the district: A. Mackenzie, Red Lake; A. Godbout, Mattice; and A. E. McNaughton, Minaki.

Transfers, as follows, have recently been made: Apprentice A. L. Hill, from Minaki to Bucke; Apprentice D. K. Wilson, from Bucke to Hudson; Apprentice M. S. Cooke, from Hudson to Peterbell; and L. Turgeon, from Mattice to Missanabie.

M. Cowan and W. Black have made visits to a number of the posts situated on the line.

Newly organized mining companies are evident in the district at a great many points. These companies propose to carry on exploration work during the summer.

James Bay District

The winter of 1933-34 will go down in history as one of the coldest on record. All the "oldest inhabitants" of James Bay, both white and Indian, claim that the past winter was the coldest they have experienced. Even the Eskimos on the Belcher Islands were complaining of the cold and attribute to this cause the great scarcity of seals. The snowfall was quite heavy, which made travelling difficult.

A. H. Michell, formerly engineer of the *Fort Charles*, is now settled at Weenusk, having given up the sea for the fur trade. The new dwelling for the Weenusk post manager, completed early in the winter, is a very comfortable bungalow, and is a credit to the carpenter, W. R. Faries.

Apprentice D. G. Boyd, after spending the fall and part of the winter at the new Belcher post, was transferred to Great Whale River, where he will pass the spring and early summer. Messrs. Dunn and Carson made the usual winter trip from their respective outposts to the coast and report all well in the interior. We had communication only once during the winter from Nemaska and Neoskweskau, and learned that Messrs. Ross and Bremner were keeping the old flag flying in the interior.

The new Belcher post, established September 1933, is now in full swing, with Mr. Cruickshank as post manager, and, as already intimated, Apprentice Boyd was assistant from the time the post was established until the month of February, when he was transferred to Great Whale River. The staff at the Belcher post performed a very creditable act of mercy last winter in saving the life of an Eskimo with frozen feet. The trouble was already five weeks old when Post Manager Cruickshank first heard of the case, but he immediately sent out for the Eskimo and instituted treatment at the post. With the assistance of Apprentice Boyd, he amputated three toes.

The Canadian Airways have had an aeroplane based at Moosonee during the past winter. Several flights were made to Ghost River outpost on our behalf and one flight to Fort George post.

During the latter part of April, the general store and post office of H. E. Heggart at Moosonee was burned to the ground. The post office is now operated by Mr. G. S. Cotter, of Revillon Freres, Moosonee.

Rev. R. E. Joselyn and Mrs. Joselyn, of St. Paul's mission, Albany, came out during the latter part of the winter and are returning to the Bay by way of the Albany river from the C.N.R. at Pagwa. The new staff at the Anglican residential school, Fort George, have quite settled down to their new station and express a liking for life in the North.

Father Saindon, in charge of the Roman Catholic mission in James Bay, has been in Montreal for the winter, Father Langlois being in charge at Moosonee. Father Couture, of Fort George, was quite ill for a time last winter, but latest advices in April indicated that he was making good progress towards recovery. Father Beaudet conducted his usual Christmas and New Year mission at Lake River outpost and then went to Weenusk, where he will spend the summer.

During the early part of May, the district accountant, C. D. Twiner, went out to North Bay to have his tonsils removed. He is now fully recovered and back to work. Mrs. W. T. Watt, of Fort George, was quite ill during December, but has now fully recovered.

At the time of writing, Captain I. O. Neilsen and Engineer E. G. Cadney are busy in preparation for the summer transport season, which will commence about 15th June. The usual trips are scheduled for posts around James Bay, and it is expected that the season will finish towards the end of September. The *Fort Charles*, Skipper J. W. Faries, will, as usual, make the run to Weenusk and the northern James Bay posts on the west coast. Dr. Tyrer's *Charles Stewart* will be in commission as usual for the annual inspection of the Indian agent around James Bay. We understand that Dr. Tyrer will be accompanied by Corporal Covell, while Constable Hopkins plans a patrol up Rupert's river to Nemaska and Neoskweskau.

Lawrence-Ungava District

The Fur Trade Commissioner visited us during the second week in May. He was accompanied by H. P. Warne.

N. E. Beynes, technical superintendent of the London fur warehouse, arrived from New York on 11th May on his first visit to Canada and spent a few days in the east. Before proceeding west he visited the Quebec fur purchasing agency.

W. C. Newbury left for Blanc Sablon, accompanied by J. S. Courage, who will take charge of that post and the cod fishery operations during the coming season.

J. LeM. Jandron, of the Fur Trade Commissioner's office, is temporarily in charge of Senneterre post.

E. J. Haight has been transferred to the management of Oskelaneo post, relieving J. H. Gausden.

H. B. Frankland returned early in May from England, where he spent a few months on furlough, during which he took a course in fur grading at the London fur warehouse. He is taking charge of Obijuan post, succeeding A. C. Bremner.

Captain T. F. Smellie stopped over at Montreal and Quebec en route to Newfoundland.

We extend heartiest congratulations to Reverend C. L. W. and Mrs. Bailey, formerly of Lake Harbour, on the birth of twin daughters.

Mgr. A. Turquetil, Bishop of Hudson Bay, was a visitor on his return from Europe.

Mr. R. J. Gourley, of the Canadian Committee, and the General Manager also paid us calls during the past quarter.

Major C. G. Dunn, who spent the winter in Montreal, has returned to Quebec.

On 4th March an interesting ceremony took place at the morning service at Christ Church Cathedral, when Right Reverend A. L. Fleming, D.D., First Bishop of the Arctic, was presented with a pastoral staff, a gift from the Company. The Bishop of Montreal dedicated the staff and presented it to Bishop Fleming.

J. H. A. Wilmot inspected Mistassinny, Chibougamau, Obijuan, Barriere, Manowan, Woswonaby and Oskelaneo posts during the quarter.

The port of Montreal opened somewhat later than usual this season owing to ice conditions in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. On the north shore the opening of navigation east of Havre St. Pierre is being retarded by heavy ice. The S.S. *Fraternity*, of the Fournier Steamship Company, broke her propeller near Mingan and is in dry dock. The *Sable I* recently left Montreal for Natashquan and points east.

Labrador District

The M.S. *Fort James* sailed from St. John's for Halifax on April 24th on the first part of her long voyage to the Western Arctic via the Panama canal. The vessel is in charge of Captain Arthur Snelgrove, of St. John's, Newfoundland.

R. Summers arrived from England by the S.S. *Incemore* on March 22nd to take up duties as mate of the M.S. *Fort James*.

Among the many visitors during the quarter we note Rev. Father O'Brien, missionary to the Indians on Labrador, and Messrs. Harold Andrews, of Port de Grave, and Van Rooy, representing the Fairbank-Morse Company, Halifax.

Frank Newlands, chief engineer of the S.S. *Nascopie*, arrived from the Old Country on April 19th. Captain T. F. Smellie arrived from Halifax on May 5th.

The sealing voyage in Newfoundland was very successful this season, and although the Company had no direct connection with the venture this spring, it had a special interest for us inasmuch as the S.S. *Ungava* and *Beothic*, which took a prominent part in the killing, are both familiar in Eastern Arctic waters. Both these ships brought in good cargoes of 41,000 and 47,000 pelts respectively. The S.S. *Beothic* was commanded by Captain Abram Kean, who for several seasons was master of the S.S. *Nascopie* when that ship prosecuted the seal fishery. A very interesting feature of this year's voyage is that Captain Abram Kean, in bringing in 47,000 seals in the *Beothic*, has completed a record of bringing to port over a million seals during his long career as master, an achievement which has never before been accomplished by any sealing master.

The S.S. *Nascopie* is now receiving her annual overhaul under the supervision of Captain Smellie and will dry dock around the end of May.

Mr. Stewart Courage, of Catalina, passed through in April en route to Montreal to discuss matters in connection with the fishery operations at Blanc Sablon.

Hayward Haynes, formerly employed in Ungava and Labrador district, paid us a visit during early May. Another ex-employee of the Company, K. C. Skuce, visited the office recently.

The S.S. *Blue Peter* recently returned to port with a part cargo of frozen herring for the government bait depots. This vessel is now being put in readiness for the fresh salmon industry in Newfoundland and Labrador waters this summer.

Mr. G. Milling, of Messrs. Job Brothers & Company, returned from a three-months business trip to England and the Mediterranean during April.

Telegrams received from all Labrador posts indicate that all the staff are in good health after a hard and trying winter.

The Beaver is printed by Saults & Pollard Limited, Winnipeg, Canada, specializing in the production of the better class of periodicals, brochures and art printing.

Fort Maurepas

(*Continued from Page 15*)

On 9th March 1734 two of La Verendrye's sons left to inspect the site and on 18th June three canoes with twelve men commanded by Cartier left "to go immediately to Lake Winnipeg at the mouth of the Red river and there to construct a fort."

Again, a further corroboration, La Jemeraye left Michilimackinac "on 12th July (1734) . . . with an order to my son (La Verendrye's) . . . to go down at once to Lake Winnipeg and to the bank of the Red river, where he would find the fort built, or at least well advanced."

Writing to Beauharnois under the date 7th June 1735, Pierre de la Verendrye (the second son) wrote " . . . I have established a fort at Lake Winnipeg five leagues up the Red river on a fine point commanding a distant view . . . . The fort and the river bear the name of Maurepas."

Forty years later Frobisher erected a fort on what Mr. Douglas thinks was probably the site of Maurepas, which he suggests is the location of the present village of Peguis.

Mr. Douglas, referring to Judge Prud'homme's statement that in September 1737 La Verendrye halted at Fort aux Rosseaux and offered a prayer at the grave of La Jemeraye, points out that this was impossible as he was in Montreal that month.

Mr. Douglas again quotes La Verendrye's journal where he states that he decided to hold a council at Maurepas on 4th March 1737 "because time was required to notify two villages of the Assiniboines situated at the forks of the Red river, which is the place to which I have proposed to transfer Fort Maurepas . . . I got the most experienced chiefs . . . to make a map of the country, which I . . . send you." (This is the map dated 1737). Later the journal says "but declined the offer (of guides to go to the Mandans) . . . I availed myself of the pretext of wanting to see the great river which, issuing from the Lake of the Woods, falls into Lake Winnipeg."

Again "I reached Fort Maurepas on the 22nd" (September 1738), where he held an inspection, gave orders, arranged the establishment and "I proceeded to the fork of the Assiniboine and reached there on the 24th." So the fort must still have been there on the Red river at that date (September 1738), as he could not have done all that and travelled from the Winnipeg river to the forks in two days.

De la Marque is at Maurepas in 1739 and La Verendrye writes: "On the 23rd April 1739 I received a letter from M. de la Marque telling me that . . . he had decided to go and find them (the Indians) on the great Winnipeg river . . . That I think is abandoning the post to soon; the savages of the Red river might arrive after their departure."

There is no mention of the fort again till 1747 when La Verendrye had it rebuilt, then in a report of 1749 is found "the third Establishment is Fort Maurepas, down the river by the same name (the Winnipeg river) near where it flows into Lake Winnipeg, on the north side." The same report continued, "A fort was formerly built by the Sieur de la Verendrye, the elder, on the Red River, five leagues from the lake. It is now abandoned . . . ."

Mr. Douglas therefore gives his opinion that Fort Maurepas of the Red river was never an auxiliary to Fort Maurepas on the Winnipeg river and that the two forts never existed concurrently.

New Propeller from Sleigh Runners

(*Continued from Page 47*)

important operation was now at hand. Selecting the sharpest of their tools, they set about fashioning the blades.

First, they marked out the hub and drilled it. This took some time, as they were very careful to get their hole dead center. The holes for the propeller boss were then drilled, and using a piece of the old "prop" for a pattern they commenced the laborious task of cutting out the blades. Bit by bit the wood was removed and frequent reference made to the old "prop" in order to obtain the correct pitch. With plane and drawknife they whittled and smoothed until they finally had a very good likeness of the original propeller. Again they took time out. They must now finish and balance their product.

With sandpaper and rasp they worked, rubbing a little off here and there. With infinite care they proceeded, and at last Hill was satisfied he had done all that was humanly possible under the conditions. The new "prop" was dressed with oil and balanced on the edge of a hunting knife. It looked as good as any other "stick," but the main question now was, would it "pull" without vibration?

Nervous fingers finally tightened the last bolts as the "stick" was fitted to the motor. Carefully the engine was turned over and allowed to warm before being speeded up to its full "revs." With a heartfelt prayer Fullerton thrust the throttle open and the engine roared into life. Almost immediately the machine tugged and lurched at its fastenings. There was no vibration whatsoever, and the straining of the ropes proved that sufficient "thrust" was there. Jubilantly the aviators cheered, for the propeller made in the farthest North was a success.

This propeller bore the party out of Fort Simpson and on to Fort Norman. After a time the machine was headed for Peace River Crossing once more and eventually came to rest in its home hangers at Edmonton. The propeller was removed and tested, and great was the astonishment of all present when it was found to be the equal of a factory made product. The same "stick" today is in the possession of the production department of the Imperial Oil Company Limited.

There is nothing more to say about the ingenuity and enterprise of the flying men. Epics like this speak for themselves, and they are a sure indication of the resources of men who fly the pioneering skypaths in unknown lands.

WHEN
HAV
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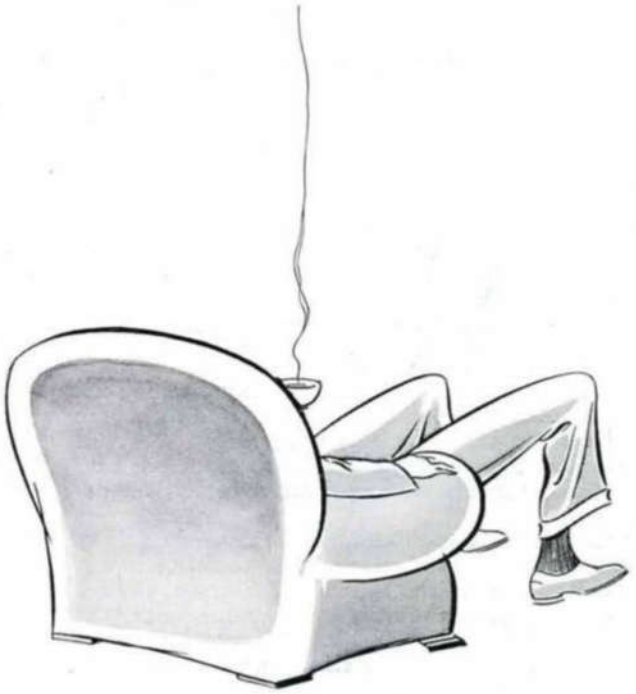
WHEN you have to make up your mind a year in advance what tea you will drink and what tobacco you will smoke all through the following year, you are very careful in your choice. The two men in the photographs are only two of the many shut off from civilization whose annual requisitions specify "Fort Garry" tea and "Imperial Mixture" tobacco. "Fort Garry" tea, like all other products of the Hudson's Bay Company, has our complete en-



Hudson's Bay Company.
INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670.

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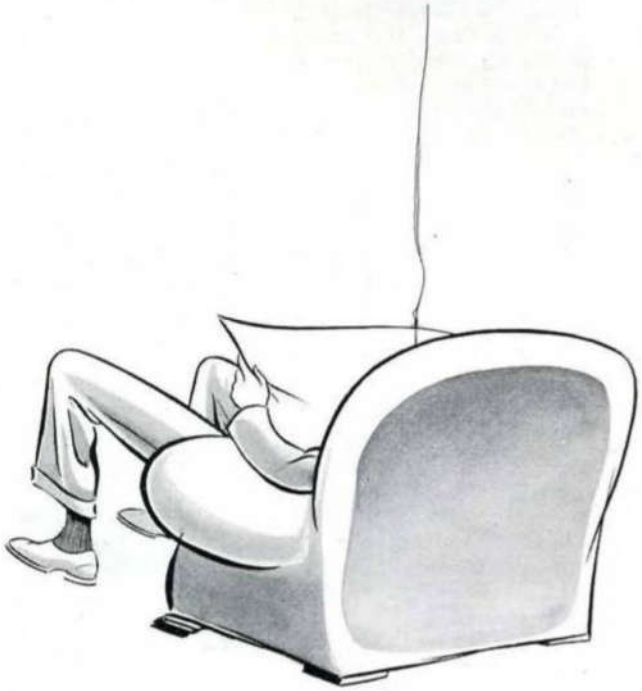

dorsation and guarantee. It is a choice blend of India and Ceylon Orange Pekoe teas, and had we any doubts as to its perfection —which we have not—the continually increasing sales would reassure us. "Imperial Mixture" has been Canada's pipe tobacco for so many years that we feel we can say nothing but that it is as popular today as it was during the War, when it was the chief smoke of the Canadian Expeditionary Force and Canadian Navy.

Hudson's Bay Company.
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The Conservation of Wild Bird Life

(Continued from Page 23)

it is hoped to answer the question as to whether or not the marshes may be successfully restocked with waterfowl reared in captivity. These investigations are only in their infancy, and banding is the only way in which this interesting and important problem can be definitely and satisfactorily solved for each kind of waterfowl. Many persons in Canada and the United States have the propagating of wild waterfowl as a hobby. Such work is also conducted under Dominion or federal permits, because all species of wild ducks and geese are protected by law and no one may have wild ducks or geese in his possession without lawful authority.

The Migratory Birds Convention Act and regulations (based upon a treaty between Canada and the United States by which desirable species of migratory insectivorous migratory game and migratory non-game birds are protected by law) is administered throughout the Dominion by the National Parks Service of Canada, which is aided by many bird banding co-operators, waterfowl observers and census takers, honorary game officers and others, all helping with this national effort, the conservation of desirable wild bird life. Needless to say, the Dominion government services concerned operate in close co-operation with the provincial game departments in bird conservation work.

Orderly Panic or Chaotic Cosmos

(Continued from Page 28)

The lay-out man is yelling for copy. Somehow you manage to squeeze in enough to appease him, the while awaiting the next interruption.

A compositor calls to say that he can't find the cut for the Googling pins. You tell him to swap the ad. for one on lawn mowers and you'll rush him copy and a cut.

It's just a haven of rest beside which an iron foundry working full blast is peaceful and quiet.

In case you would like the "low down" on the personnel of the office, let us tell you that it consists of an advertising manager, his assistant, the copy writers, artists, lay-out men, proof-readers and general go-betweens for office and papers.

All the manager has to do is please the store executive, the directors, the mayor, the city council, the boards of trade, all civil, social, charitable and fraternal organizations, plan all the big events, and play pinocle in his spare time—if it's winter and he can't play golf.

His assistant does all the work while the boss plays pinocle—or golf, as the case may be.

The copy writers only have to see that the ads. bring in plenty of money to meet the pay-roll, or there won't be any copy writers. They are also known to walk along talking to themselves, but it's cheaper to suffer it than take on additional taxes to pay the country for keeping them.

The lay-out man gets a lot of exercise tearing up finished lay-outs because the merchandise manager, the sales promotion manager, the departmental managers, the copy writers, and the artists have changed their minds.

Proof-readers are a continuous series of mistakes, none of which are their own.

The artists are all a bit demented from drawing out-sized house frocks and buckets of nails, when what they really crave to do is sit on the river bank and paint sunsets.

And now that this is all clear, do you realize why members of an advertising staff are all "that way"?

Archives of Hudson's Bay Company

(Continued from Page 21)

The minutes continue that Sir Edward Dering "Upon his knees humbly presented to his Matie. the purse of Gold, which his Matie. Receiving was Graciously pleased to declare that he tooke this there Address & Congratulation Verry Kindly, & that he should be Ready to give them all the Protection & favour in all their affaires which he could: And then the Deputy Governr. and all the Rest had the Honour to Kiss His Maties. hand."

An interesting sidelight on the Committee meetings in the early years is supplied by the following extract from the minute book on the 18th January, 1684, when it is recorded that Onesiphorus Albin, the secretary of the Company, received a sum of £8,16s "for pipes, tobacco and beere in full to the 21. Novembr. last as for 98 Committees in the yeare 1682 and 78 Committees in the yeare 1683 in all 176 Committees att 12d. P. Committees."

It is not only the proceedings of the Committee in London which are recorded in the minute books, but there are also sundry items relating to events on the other side of the Atlantic. For example, on the 13th October, 1686:

". . . Capt. Abraham late Governor at Port Nellson came before the Committee acquainteing them of his proceedings there & how he did the last Spring sayle 50 leagues Northward of Port Nellson & discovered a faire River (the Churchill)."

"Ordered he bring in writeing the said discovery."

Rather more than a year later (on the 8th February, 1688) it was decided in Committee: "That Churchill River bee Settled this yeare." Thus this river and fort at its mouth (now the terminus of the Hudson Bay railway) received its name in honour of John Churchill, who in 1688 was Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company.

These very few illustrations of the contents of our early minute books afford some indication of the many and varied features of interest to be found therein. It is the intention in subsequent articles to give brief descriptions of other "classes" of our archives, together with some short extracts typifying the nature of material in each class.

WE HAVE HEARD—

—OF MANY STRANGE USES FOR OUR BLANKETS

FROM washing for gold, getting cars out of mud-holes, and covering a precious stock of potatoes, to one blanket which has had six Indian babies born on it. But the strangest use is the one pictured above—a sail for an Eskimo "ice schooner." All these strange and strenuous uses seem to prove just one thing—if you need a blanket which will wear, wear again, and then outwear you, buy a Hudson's Bay "Point" Blanket.

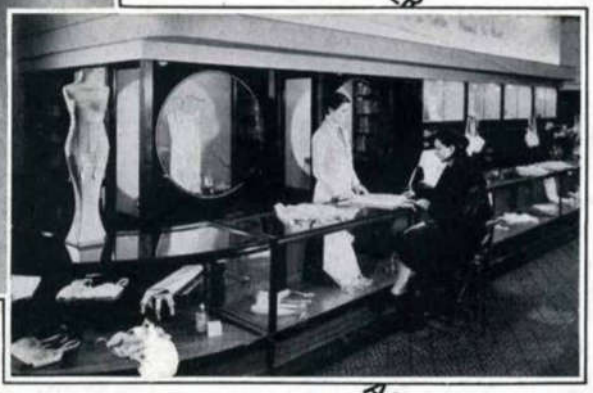
Hudson's Bay Company.

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670.

WOMEN DO THE SHOPPING

VANCOUVER

WINNIPEG



EDMONTON

ALGARY

VICTORIA

IT IS TRUE THAT WOMEN DO THE SHOPPING, SO IN ALL OUR STORES WE TRY TO MAKE SHOPPING A PLEASANT THING WHETHER IT BE BUYING AN EXPENSIVE GOWN, A PAIR OF SHOES OR SOMETHING AS UNINTERESTING AS POTATOES, A DOZEN EGGS OR A SKEIN OF MENDING WOOL.

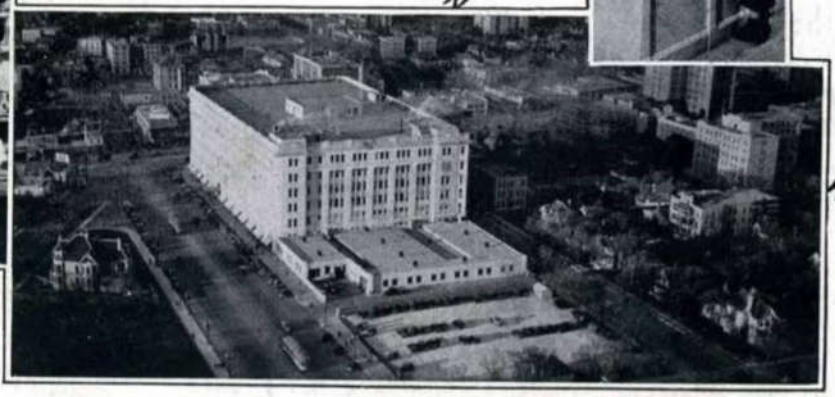
Hudson's Bay Company.

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670.

NELSON

ASKATOON

VERNON



KAMLOOPS

FORKTON